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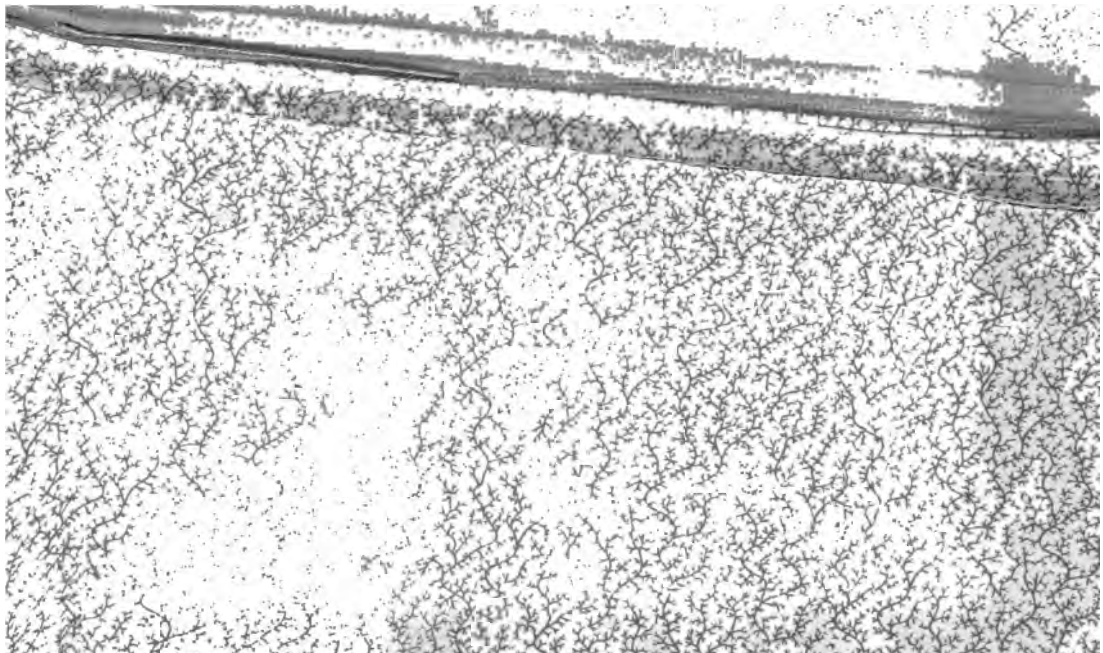
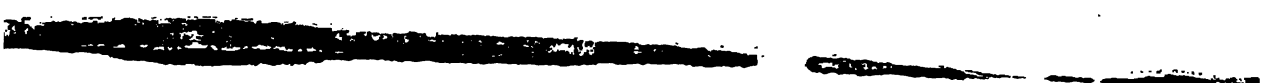




THE

WRITER;

A SERIES OF

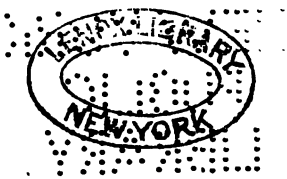
ORIGINAL ESSAYS,

MORAL AND AMUSING.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Michel Bradford, a Capt. in the Continental army in the Revolutionary war.
See his Pedigree in N. Eng. H. G. R. V. 4.

BOSTON:
Russell & Gardner, Printers.
1822.


NEW YORK

DEDICATION.

—

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN BROOKS,

Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

May it please your Excellency:

This little book is desirous of being received into your library—It professes to be a friend to religion and virtue, and it can no where be so sure of meeting these companions, as in the place of your Excellency's retirement.

With great respect and esteem,

I am your Excellency's

Most humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

ГІВВУВА
КНІГ
ВЕРХІВНІ

PREFACE.

THE following essays were written weekly, and published in the Boston Spectator, during the period, or a part of the period of the late war. In those times of political distress, there was scarcely a subject which did not mix more or less with politics. These papers were an attempt at perfect neutrality, and an endeavor to beguile and quiet the mind, almost continually harrassed by party spirit and party dissentions.

Why they are now collected together, and obtruded upon the public again, the Author has no very good reason to offer—It will perhaps, be said, that it is with the foolish desire of making a book—To this then he will plead guilty, and throw himself upon the mercy of the court; only observing in excuse, that if he has added nothing to the stores of wit or learning, he has at least endeavored to discountenance vice, and to promote the cause of virtue and religion.

THE WRITER.

No. I....SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1814.

WE have often been told by authors, and particularly by writers of periodical essays, that at their first setting out, they were at a loss to determine upon a proper or significant title to give to their lucubrations. I have had no difficulty upon this subject—but without hesitating at all in the matter, readily fixed upon that which is here placed at the head of my first number. And as I propose coming abroad, in the character of a writer, I shall begin my present literary enterprize by giving some account of myself, and presenting my readers with a few touches of my own biography.

I am an odd sort of a fellow, and have many whims; but my most obstinate propensity is a desire for writing. If there is really such a disease in the catalogue of human infirmities, as the cacoethes scribendi, I certainly am afflicted with it to an incurable degree. If I were to say it was born with me, all the disciples of the venerable Locke would be about my ears, and prove, by dint of logic, that as there are no innate ideas, there could be, in the mind of an infant, no predispositions. That the mind of a new born child, if, by the way, they would allow him any mind at all, was a mere blank, with no more impression than a sheet of white paper—&c. As I am a peaceable man, and have no powers nor inclination for disputing, I shall pass these gentlemen, with lowly reverence, and give some account of myself from my birth, or, as my friend Tristram Shandy has done, a little before it,

and let them settle the matter of predisposition, or original bias from nature, among themselves.

A few weeks before I was born, my mother, (I have been told) to her great mortification and disappointment, dreamed, that instead of presenting her husband at the time expected, with a fine boy, she was delivered of a feather. The dream was told as usual, and the gossips of the day immediately began to look for interpretations—Some said the child would be a soldier, and wear a feather in his cap—some thought I should be an upholsterer; and some, who, however, out of tenderness to my parents, said but little about it, secretly believed that the dream foretold, as plainly as a dream could do, that I should be a light and trifling character. Notwithstanding the wisdom and deep research denoted in these several interpretations, they were all wrong; and I have ever myself believed, that the feather in my mama's dream, was from a goose's wing; that in fact it was nothing less than a quill, and that it obviously foretold my future character, as a writer. When I first hit upon this interpretation, I was so impressed with the truth of it, and so proud of my own ingenuity in discovering it, that I flew to a learned friend and laid the whole matter before him, with a full and flattering expectation that he would give me as much credit for my ingenuity, as I had given to myself. But upon my mentioning the goose's wing, he turned all my pride to mortification, by saying he believed the dream meant I was to be a goose, and my coming to him upon such an errand was full completion of the prophesy. Although this unexpected reproof was sufficient to induce me to keep my opinion, in future, to myself, it did not alter it; and the circumstances I am about to relate, will, I think, bring many of my readers over to the same faith.

My ruling passion is writing, and it was manifested even in my earliest infancy—I was never known to tare a piece of white paper, (although I have destroyed so much since) but whenever it came in my way, would trace my little fingers over it, with the strangest imi-

tation to forming characters and figures; and if my father happened to come into the nursery with a pen in his hand, I was sure to throw away my bells and coral to grasp at that. These were only tricks of infancy. As I grew up, and was sent to school, my character still proceeded to develope itself—my childish sports were learning to write; at home or abroad, at school or in the street, I always had a pen in my hand; and have frequently spoiled my breakfast, by daubing the ink over my bread and butter. As I increased in years, this inclination increased with them, and there was no writing going on, in which I did not endeavor to have a hand. I wrote several epitaphs for country church yards, and have furnished the weather in an almanack for above forty years. In this last species of writing, I have succeeded wonderfully—the best criticks having allowed that I have very judiciously attended to the two great unities of time and place, in the distribution of my snow storms; and that I know how to rise with the March winds, and fall gently with the showers of April. I can also predict the first appearance of blossoms in very flowery language. I have sometimes terrified my readers, in these annual publications, by the boisterous words in which I have told them "to expect the equinoxial storm;" and have raised some pleasing anticipations in the minds of several fair country lasses, by predicting, at the next harvest and husking, an unusual supply of red ears. I have likewise written several political pieces with credit, and many of the patriotic effusions of '75 were supplied from my pen; insomuch that I have myself thought that the revolution was as much indebted to my writings, as to Tom Paine and Common Sense. But this portion of my labors I consider now lost to the world, as I have forgotten the names of the publications in which they appeared, (and presume every body has forgotten them also) and have no hope they will ever be brought before the public again by a second edition. The truth is, I am *always* writing; and the town would be more frequently amused and entertained with my

ideas, if the sapient editors of our newspapers were not such critical judges of style, taste, and belles-lettres, as to reject any communications that are not offered by the *right person*.

Although I have this unconquerable disposition for writing, I never run into those kind of literary vagaries which we are told infected the wits of a former age. I never undertook to write verses in the shape of a heart, altar, or true love knot; nor have I attempted with Puttenham, to erect a temple of words, whose columns should be worked off by syllables to proper proportions of the Corinthian order. My propensity leads me to write straight forward, and I expect immortality as an author, more from the number and extent of my writings, than from the shape of them.

With this view of my character and disposition, I offer myself to the Spectator; and with the encouragement and approbation of the proprietor of this paper, shall undertake to furnish it with occasional essays, under the title of "THE WRITER." If there should be any desire in the public to know something more of the person and condition of the *Writer*, these may be more fully disclosed hereafter. In the mean time, for their immediate gratification, and particularly out of respect to the female part of my readers, I hereby make known, that I am a man of the common size, airy gait, strong and healthy, and wear no whiskers. A bachelor, of a middle age—that is to say, verging towards three score; somewhat addicted to bowing; very fond of female company, and although not married myself, a great advocate for, and promoter of matrimony in others, and a very successful maker of matches; so that, should the young ladies of this metropolis engage me in their service, apply to me for advice, and conform a little to some general rules, which I may from time to time prescribe, I have no doubt of seeing by far the largest number of them in the list of wives and mothers, before they are out of their teens.

I will also apprize my readers, that I am a great traveller, and am particularly acquainted with the fe-

male fashions of all countries, from the elegant nudity of the Paris belle, to the modest Turkish lady, who suffers nothing but the tip end of her nose to go uncovered.

As to my political sentiments, I shall keep them to myself, and endeavor to steer a middle course between the two great parties, which now divide our country. I am particularly inclined to this, as some of our great men are prone to change, and therefore, by a *magnanimous moderation*, I may continue in their favor, although they should not continue their former opinions.

No. II....SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1814.

In my first number, I gave some account of my birth and character; in the present, I shall make the public acquainted with my opinions and manner of thinking. My readers will then perceive whether what I said of myself in the beginning will apply to me or not, viz. that I am an odd sort of a fellow.

That my opinions are odd, very odd indeed, will readily be granted by all the fashionable, polite, and genteel part of this metropolis, when I tell them I am obstinate in maintaining that honesty is a greater moral virtue than riches, and consequently that virtuous poverty ought, in a christian country, to receive more countenance and complacency, than splendid vice; that no man is honest who contracts debts by living so much above his income, as not to be able to pay them; that there is more merit in feeding by secret charity the poor, than in feasting ostentatiously the rich; that modesty is the prettiest ornament to a female face, and in the end will always have more admirers, of taste and sentiment, than forward impertinence, or the haughty assuming airs of a fashionable beauty; that not only modesty, but even learning, is an

accomplishment in a lady, and Cowper, Milton, and Cicero, better authors to improve a female mind, than Tom Jones, Roderick Random, or the Mysteries of Udolpho.

I believe also, contrary to the belief of most of my gay neighbors, that there is more good instruction to be obtained at church, than in a play house; and that, in point of morals, and the improvement of religious affections, more is to be gained by attending divine service, than seeing the representation of any dramatic performance whatever; all the fine arguments which have been adduced to the contrary notwithstanding.

I have even been so bold as to asssert, that gaming, intemperance, and profanity, are not, strictly speaking, gentlemanly vices; but are often found among the low and vulgar; and therefore, every man who aspires to character and polite life, should be ashamed of them; and although I once received a challenge for incautiously letting slip such a sentiment, and came near having a pistol argument for my temerity, yet I never should approve of these vices, even in a man who had fought twenty duels to defend them.

These are a few of what, when I am disposed to be humorous, I call my moral eccentricities. I have also some physical ones, for I always eat when I am hungry, and drink if I thirst, and never look at the town clock to know if I have an appetite, nor wait for the bells to ring to judge whether it is a proper time to break my fasts.

I have moreover some strange notions respecting the natural world, believing it full as rational that God should have created all worlds by the word of his power, as to account for their existence by supposing that they sprung spontaneously from matter, (before matter was created,) or were exploded, one after another, by volcanick eruptions.* That our Great Pacific Ocean was formed by the moon's having been shot out of this watery bed, appears to me

* See Darwin and others.

about as rational, as that the melting of the polar ice causes that wonderful phenomenon, the regular ebb and flowing of the tides, and I ingenuously confess that I do not believe a word of either.

If the public will bear with these oddities, and my readers encourage me to write, by even making themselves merry with my old fashion, and singular opinions, I shall continue to amuse or lecture, flatter or reproach them, as my several humors may happen to predominate.

No. III....SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1814.

As I am a man of leisure myself, and find a great many of my acquaintance and townsmen who appear to have equally nothing to do, I commonly join these, my fellow laborers, and whether they lounge about the Exchange floor, or reel round the principal corners in Cornhill, am seen with them in these their usual places of employ. When the general court is in session, we have more business in hand, and very industriously crowd the lobbies, that we may bear testimony to the spirit and eloquence of this representative body. Thus it may be said we have promoted laziness to a science, and, by a sort of community of interests, a mutual support of each other's burdens, and that countenance and confidence which number gives to each individual, we have nearly cleared ourselves of that disgrace which, in notable times, used to attach to habits of idleness. But here I wish it to be distinctly understood, that although I join in the daily employment of this fraternity of gentlemen, I solemnly protest that I am never with them when they assemble round the gaming table at night. This, they say, is one of my oddities, and so it passes off; and I am received amongst them in the morning, with as much good

humor, as though I had wasted the whole night in winning their money.

The life of a lounger, whatever may be the opinion of the public regarding it, is very full of incidents; and there is no set of men who have so little time to spare as those who have nothing to do. The morning is spent, that part of it at least which is not consumed in bed, with an equal and judicious distribution of the busy moments, to sipping your coffee, poring over the daily papers, and variously puffing, twisting and manœuvring a cigar. And in each of these operations, however ordinary and harmless to common men, the lounger finds a deep interest and cause of excitement. The coffee is too hot or too cold, badly roasted or badly fried. The papers are barren, dull and insipid—no battle has been fought, no murders committed, no mail robberies; not a stage has been overturned, no steam boat burst, nor powder mill exploded; there is absolutely no broken limbs, no scalded passengers, nor mangled carcases to afford amusing conversation for the whole day. To one who has not the stir of business to occupy his mind, here is negative cause sufficient to work it up to tragedy. The street is the next scene; we run up as far as the Old South, and down to the Exchange, and in such an eventful tour we have as many adventures to record as some who have made the tour of Europe. We have seen Buonaparte *in a picture shop*, and although not introduced to him as Marchands Americain, yet can converse as fluently upon his books, air and costume, as though we had actually been presented at his levee. But our principal business is to see and make our remarks upon whatever is passing. The peaceable citizens of the town, male and female, are thus by a sort of arbitrary mandamus, or *billet de cachet*, arrested, and have to pass the ordeal of our scrutiny without the privilege, allowed in all free communities, of speaking in their own defence. As may be expected from such arbitrary proceedings, and on exparte evidence, the innocent sometimes suffer with the guilty. We have pronounced a

man to be worth an hundred thousand, who in less than a week proved himself innocent of the charge by closing his doors and paying only twenty cents upon a dollar. Whilst another, set down by us as worth nothing, very soon made it appear that he had enough to set up his carriage and pair in despite of our opinions.

This manner of passing our time is certainly very amusing to us; but whether it affords any pleasure to the active part of the community, is another question: it is very pleasant to see what is passing in the streets, and to make our remarks on the character, dress, or gait of the passengers; but it may not be equally agreeable to a stranger who visits the town, or to ladies who daily frequent the shops on their necessary concerns, to support the steady stare of an idle group, who are always at their posts. It is true, that, amongst our fraternity, it is the general opinion, that, with respect to the ladies, there is many a pretty female who flaunts along these frequented walks, on purpose "to be seen of men." I declare, however, that I never gave any heed to the scandal, but on the contrary, have used many good arguments to prove the accusation false; and have often plead the propriety of retiring from these haunts, and to sacrifice the pleasure we enjoy, rather than give pain to others. But I am sorry to say, that instead of convincing these gentlemen that they are wrong, I only convince them that I am an odd fellow, and have strange notions. I am, however, determined to withdraw from these lounging resorts myself, and hereby promise, if the ladies will read my papers, I will stare at them no more.

No. IV....SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1814.

It is very common for people of one class in society to make themselves merry with the fashions of

another: thus the present race of beaux, with their round toed shoes and cropped hair, are extremely witty upon any gentleman, who appears before them in the costume of their grandfathers; and who, obstinately attached to the customs of his jovial years, ventures abroad with pointed shoes, and a bag wig, or a long queue to his hair.

Female fashions, either from being more important, or more prolific of objects, have been considered fair game ever since the time of Addison and Steele, and the success with which these celebrated essayists attacked the fashionable follies of their day, has induced almost every periodical writer, since, to sport in the same field. Although I am a strict observer of the female world, and the first to take notice of the most trifling alteration in their dress or ornaments, yet I never view these occasional changes as matters of mere caprice or evanescent fancy, but rather as connected by cause or effect, with other great events, which are often taking place in the natural or political world. Perhaps some persons may be disposed to laugh at this idea, and consider it as another of my oddities, yet I have the happiness to say, that I am not entirely alone in this opinion. I have an old and valuable friend, whom I shall call Dr. Reverie, to whom I am indebted for this original thought, and who carries it to greater perfection, and refines upon it with much more ingenuity of reasoning and acuteness of argument, than I could ever do myself. I lately spent a very pleasant evening with the old gentleman, when the conversation happening to turn upon this subject, he brought forward his favorite hypothesis, and discoursed from it as learnedly, and with as much apparent conviction of its truth and reality, as Berkely and Hume, Descartes or Malebranche ever did of theirs.

I shall endeavor to give some of his observations as near as I can recollect them, and confine myself as much as possible to his own language, that my readers may justly appreciate the character and learning of my venerable friend.

"One of the most extraordinary fashions," said he, "that ever prevailed among the females of this or any other country, was that of wearing those enormous cushions on their heads. These false and preposterous ornaments were undoubtedly produced by the war for our independence, as they regularly increased with the difficulties of those times, and disappeared with the rest of our troubles after the peace of 1783.

"Another very remarkable article, in the female dress, was the hooped petticoat; these have had their ups and downs in the world, having appeared in France just before the murder of Henry the Fourth, by Ravaillac, and subsided during the next reign; revived in England under the great Duke of Marlborough, whose Duchess then led the fashions of the court: and, as it is well known that she ruled the Queen, and the Queen ruled the realm, it may be said, emphatically, that the nation were then under petticoat government. The last time they prevailed in this country, was about the revival of commerce, after the peace; and although our navigation did not thrive so much at that particular period, as afterwards, yet an increasing trade, if not a very profitable one, was carried on under the hooped petticoat. Pockets totally disappeared during the heat of the French revolution, and were succeeded by a foreign race of usurpers, which, though submitted to by a sort of imperious necessity, have never been admitted to so close and friendly a connection as the old favorites, but have been kept at arm's-length ever since. Naked arms brought contagion into this country; for 'tis a fact, that yellow fever never left the West Indies till our ladies adopted the practice of the warm climates, by going with their arms bare; and I verily believe, that this unseasonable and calamitous fashion, swept off more of the citizens of the United States, than were ever destroyed by gunpowder. Patches were generally worn the year the sun was totally eclipsed, and Spanish mantles came in and went out with the first embargo. As to the more transitory form of the bonnet,

the color of the ribbons, or the manner of putting them on, these are smaller events; and, as they vary about as often, they may reasonably be attached to the wind and weather, or the usual changes of the atmosphere, for their operative causes.

"These few instances," continued the Dr. "are sufficient, I think, to convince any reasonable man, that fashions and politics, and I may add philosophy and physics, are all connected by some secret chain, and go hand and hand together."

Here the old gentleman ceased, and as he found no one to enter the lists to oppose him, he looked as though he was conscious he had won the whole company to his system. But, whether they were ready to subscribe to his theory or not, I am sure they were all amused with the warmth and ingenuity with which he supported it.

No. V....SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1814.

It is said, I believe of the Athenians, or of the Lacedemonians, that they used to intoxicate their slaves, and then expose them as ridiculous objects to their children, and as examples to deter them from the odious vice of drunkenness. As I believe this a better way than argument, I shall follow up the idea of these Grecian sages, and present my fellow citizens the portrait of a drunkard, with a view to excite their detestation and abhorrence of that degrading and ruinous vice.

The following is a journal of a drunken gentleman, for one week. If some part of it should occasion disgust as well as abhorrence, my readers must pardon me; for although it is my desire and intention never to violate the rules of decency, to offend in any respect the sensibility of modesty, or the purity of taste, yet

in exposing so impure a vice as intemperance, we can hardly avoid depicting scenes which are nauseous.

Sunday. 9 o'clock—disturbed by the bells ringing for church—half past 9, got up—head ache as usual—don't know how I got home last night—dare not ask my wife, for I see she looks melancholy—[N. B. my coat and pantaloons appear to have been muddy, although I believe my wife has been endeavoring to clean them]—sick—no appetite—half past 10 o'clock. Wife and children gone to church—urged me to go, but don't feel composed—very dry; took some brandy and water—11, took another tumbler—half past 11, not having eaten any breakfast, drank a little more brandy and water.—12 o'clock. Never have an appetite for dinner without a little forcing—took some brandy and water—half past 12, dinner—brandy all out—sent Mary for another bottle; wife begged me not to send to the shops on Sunday—must have some brandy, can't eat without—drank only two tumblers at table—then slept till 3 o'clock—awoke parched with thirst—took some brandy and water.—Half past 3. Drank another tumbler—from 4 to 6, not quite so dry, drank but two or three times—evening, wife assembled the children to read the Bible—didn't like what they read about a drunkard—I am glad, however, I am sober to day.—7 o'clock. Went out to walk—soon tired—stept in at the sign of ———, to rest—good company—sat down and drank something, and passed the evening in conversation and smoking a few cigars.—11. Got home without help, though from the badness of the pavements, fell twice, and the streets were so confounded muddy, most ashamed my wife should see me.—Half past 11. Went to bed.

Monday. Awoke at 10—got up—head ache and sick—took two glasses of brandy to correct the nausea of the stomach—eat nothing—my wife desired I would not go out, and said, kindly, I looked too unwell to be abroad—wanted to see R———; met him at the sign of ———. After we had been to the polls, took a glass together—more company came in—all voted for Mr.

D———; offered to treat us—accepted—treated them in our turn.—2 o'clock. Concluded not to go home to dinner—called for a beef-steak.—4 o'clock. Waiter told me I had had eight glasses of grog—I am sure I have drank but 6.—8. A quarrel between R——— and G———; I interfered—got knocked down—obliged to be carried home, with my face much bruised—wife appeared distrest, but came and bathed my wounds, gave me some warm tea, and helped me to bed—waked in the night, and found her crying.

Tuesday. Rose at 10—face sore, one eye very black—head ache still hangs on me; strange nothing will cure it—wife brought me some coffee, which she said she made good on purpose for me—could not drink it till I had taken a glass of brandy—promised my wife I would not go out to-day—from 11 to 1, drank four or five glasses.—2. Dined, after taking another forcer—no appetite; can't always force.—3. Put a patch over my eye, and went out, my wife reminded me of my promise, and I thought I saw tears in her eyes, although she turned away her face to conceal them—went to the sign of———.

Wednesday. 9 o'clock, waked and found myself at home, lying on the bed with my clothes and boots on, all very much soiled with street dirt—don't remember how I came home—very sick; foul stomach—nausea at last suddenly relieved—my wife came and helped me shift my clothes, and put me into a clean bed—slept comfortably, (except some bad dreams) till 1, P. M.—found my wife sitting by my side, with her work; she asked me how I felt, and what I would have—told her to give me a glass of brandy—she said, I'd better take a little hot tea or coffee—told her, pettishly, to bring the brandy.—2 o'clock. Drank two forcers and eat a slice of bacon.—4. At the sign of———.

Thursday. Found myself in a cellar by the market—don't know when or how I came here—felt sick—call'd for a glass of brandy—bar man said I'd had two dollars' worth of liquor already—felt for my pock-

et book—mist it—had a hundred dollars in it when I came from home—no money now; bar man would 'nt trust—called a hack, and drove home at 4, P. M.—Children all glad to see me as I had been out so long—had nothing to give them—my wife prepared me some dinner—eat but little—could not bear to see her look so kindly on me—found fault with every thing she did—could 'nt vex her—too much to endure all this good nature and forbearance—called a hack again, and rode down to sign of ———. Met old companions.

Friday, 11 o'clock. Waked and called the waiter to bring the brandy—thought I was at the sign of ——. My wife came, and asked me if I would have some breakfast—told her I must have some brandy first—drank two glasses, seemed to feel better, so took some more—my wife asked if I could spare any money to get the children shoes—had none for her, but did 'nt like to tell her I had lost my pocket book.—12 A little brandy and water—can't drink with any pleasure before my wife, so went to the sign of ———. 6 o'clock, formed a party, and sat down to enjoy ourselves.—12. Company broke up—could 'nt walk, believe I've drank a little too much—got home in a hack—hackman let me fall at the door—clumsy rascal—alarmed my wife.

Saturday, 10 o'clock. Waked—called to know why the bells are ringing—Mary told me 'twas meeting time—told her it could not be Sunday, for I had kept a journal, and noted every day in the week—Mary, with her saucy impertinence, said, that all one day I was not myself.

Have I then lost one whole day? This, however, is awful; to have no recollection of a day passed, terrifies me—but have I not also lost a week?—Oh! worse than lost it—Oh! how may the remnant of life be passed to atone for this week of sin and folly—this week of brutish insensibility?—Oh where is my angel wife!!

No. VI....SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1814.

Some moralists very justly observe, that we are always complaining of the shortness of life, and yet ever endeavoring to get rid of some portion of it; and it must be acknowledged that no property we possess, so valuable as time, is so carelessly and imprudently squandered away.

I could enumerate an hundred authors, who have given the world excellent lessons upon this subject; although, I believe, it would be difficult to point out fifty of their readers, who have attended to their instructions, or profited by them as they ought.

To preach about the value of time, in the present age of the world, is to grapple with a subject, which has been handled in vain ever since the flood, nay, and before it; for even the antideluvians, after living eight or nine hundred years, are said to have complained of the shortness of life, the transitory state of mortals, and to have given excellent advice and warning to their cotemporaries, not to let so valuable a thing as time, pass away unheeded or unemployed.

Let it not be thought trifling with a very serious subject, to quote this or that opinion of those, who were favored with such length of years, during the first ages of the world; for when we compare even *their* term of life, be it that of Methusalem himself, with the boundless eternity, into which they entered when life was at an end, it was short—infinitely short.

If, then, a life of a thousand years was not so long, but that every moment ought to be prized, and no portion of it to be carelessly lost or suffered to escape unnoticed or unimproved, what shall we say of that which is

"Dwindled down to three score years and ten."

Dr. Franklin has left us many pertinent remarks upon the value of time; but as his favorite subject seems to have been a mere worldly economy, so he grounds his

recommendations, of saving and improving time, chiefly upon advantages of a temporal nature. "Time," says our American sage, "is money." But, although time may be employed to gain money, we should remember, that *money can never purchase time;* and that it is but a miserable exchange, for this precious merchandize, to barter it for silver or for fine gold. Time has but little in common with the riches of this world; all the advantages of riches relate to sense; time is of a higher nature; it was given us to learn wisdom, to practice virtue, to enjoy life, and to prepare for death. It is the five talents, the two, or the one; and the less of it we have given us, the more culpable are we, if we bury it in the earth, or carelessly throw it away.

We have a common way of representing Time, emblematically, by the old man with his scythe. This figure denotes Time in general; but Dr. Young has given us a very lively personification of the smaller portions of it:

> "Each moment has its little sickle,
> "Emulous of Time's enormous scythe."

We might improve upon this hint, and fancy every moment as a little winged messenger, "flying up to heaven's chancery," with good or evil report concerning us: and what should we have a right to expect from such witnesses to our conduct here? would their testimony be in our favor? or has the greatest number of them left us in practices and pursuits, that we should tremble to acknowledge or remember? Some have left us busy in the search of worldly wealth; some, bewildered in the mazes of sensual enjoyments; some, speeding on the guilty road to fame; some, listlessly wasting our lives in the lap of indolence and luxury; some have seen us devoted to fashion, and the dissipation of high—some, to the vulgar vices of low life. How many of these silent and unnoticed angels of time will have to testify such things against us, and how few will bear record to our acts of virtue, to our benevolence, our prayers, our pious thoughts, our hum-

ble sense of our own failings, and a suitable charity for those of our fellow men!

Such considerations certainly ought to induce serious reflections, with regard to the manner in which we spend our time. To the young, particularly, it is of importance to acquire a habit of reflecting upon this subject. That splendid period of the world, which makes so fine a figure in the pages of poetry, is past; but there is "a golden age" in the life of every man—as well for us, whose destinies are cast in these later times, as for all those who lived under the happy and favored reign of Saturn. Youth is the golden age of mortals, and every moment of this shining period of our existence is most precious, and should be prudently, should be wisely managed to lay up a store for the better enjoyment of the iron reign of decrepit old age.

I shall close this number with a comparison, or sort of allegory, supplied by a friend, calculated to impress on our minds, the folly and ingratitude of wantonly mis-spending our time. The resemblance to the beautiful parable of the prodigal son will be easily seen, and it is probable the whole train of ideas was suggested by that elegant and impressive portion of holy writ:—

If we were in a foreign country, and had a friend at home, who was constantly sending us supplies of money, without which we should every moment be liable to be cast into prison; if these supplies were not only continual but abundant, and the liberal donor required of us only to enjoy ourselves with prudence; to use, but not waste, the riches of his bounty; to give a fair account of the sums spent, and to produce on our return, something in mind and outward estate equivalent to the expense, lavished by his great goodness and generosity upon us: what confusion should we feel in meeting this friend and benefactor, if we were to come to him clothed in rags, filthy in our outward appearance, uncouth in our manners, uninformed in our minds, stupid, ignorant, and vulgar; and unable to give any better account of the treasures he had bestowed upon us, than that they had been foolishly

squandered on toys and trifles, wantonly thrown away in merriment and jest, lost by a languid and listless inattention, wheedled away by flatterers, or carelessly left for every vagrant on the highway to pilfer and destroy?

No. VII....SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1814.

We were discoursing the other evening, in a small party, upon the subject of love, when a lively and sensible lady, in a strain of ironical humor, complained bitterly of the very low and degraded state, into which this once heroic passion has fallen in these later times, and in this stupid age of ours. "You talk of your civilization," said she, "and the advantages derived to the sex from the refinement in sentiment and melioration of manners; but where do we now see such noble sacrifices made to love, as in former days. Go back to the Patriarch Jacob, and see him, voluntarily offering himself to a seven years' servitude for his Rachel; and when his father-in-law, to get rid of a less attracting daughter, cheated this deserving lover with Leah, see with what a romantic spirit of constancy and love, he suffers another equal period of bondage, to gain the woman of his affections. Here was generous, ardent, persevering love; here was that strong and pervading sentiment of the heart, which alone is entitled to the dignity of passion; discouraged by no labors, disheartened by no denial; which surmounts all obstacles, and overcomes all difficulties. Show me such a gallant now-a-days. Where is the lover of these times, that will sue and persist as many weeks, as this enamoured Hebrew did, years?

Your modern swains are discouraged by the first inadvertent frown; and unless every silly proposition, or remark, is received by us with smiles and simpers, we are thought high minded or scornful; and these timid

or careless gentlemen are forever deterred from making any further advances. And if, after a proper preparation, and mature deliberation on their part, and a decent encouragement on ours, the great and decisive question should be put, it must be answered unequivocally; for if, through a little modesty and female reserve, we startle, and cannot pronounce the plain though important *yes*, but should substitute something that had the appearance of hesitation or excuse, we may expect never to be asked the same question again; at least by the same gentleman.

From the humble constancy of the Patriarch, let us turn to the mighty 'wrath of Achilles.' The subject, which produced the finest poem in the world, was the effects of love. Here the mighty hero, and the indignant and inflexible lover are blended together. Here is a noble example of furious love; rather than surrender the beautiful Briseis, Achilles rebelled against 'the king of men,' and urged the Grecian hosts to arms. We see no wars waged for love, no armies arrayed in the cause of beauty, in our days. The belligerent contentions among men, in these civilized times, are for the conquest of country, not to win the favor of the fair.

Who now swims the Hellespont, or buffets in any way the waves of opposition, to meet the object he pretends to adore? Where are those high-spirited knights of Love and Honor, who once crowded the lists to fight for 'Lady fair;' who were ready to face death to redeem her glove, or shed their blood to preserve it from spot or tarnish? Our gallants of the present age are a more quiet and peaceable race of men; if they fight at all, it is usually for some dispute at the card or billiard table, or perhaps occasioned by some high debate in our national councils, for it is long since I have heard of a duel being fought for love. Even that ardour and impatience, which, a few years ago, used sometimes to break out and discover itself in a trip to Providence or Hampton, has now subsided. There is no danger of a lady being run away with, by our modern

beaux. The animated and interesting passion of our souls, is reasoned down to very commendable restraints, and convenient relaxations. Even when the nuptial day was appointed, I have known one of our Platonic gentlemen, because he was absent, and a little business interfered with the 'completion of all his wishes,' very coolly postpone the rapturous moment to a more convenient opportunity. Nay, I have known a husband, (of the same philosophical stamp, you may be sure,) the next day after he became one, with all that indifference we should look for if he had suffered curtain lectures for a year, leave his bride to attend to business, and let the whole honey moon wax and wane in his absence.

We have read of men's going mad for love; your Orlandos and your Octavians, and others; but we meet them only in books; the passion rages not so high amongst us in real life; it never overcomes reason; it is never so hot, now, but this cool faculty of the mind may chill it down to an ague.

I have omitted the great sacrifice, made by our common progenitor, rather than be separated from Eve,

".....as of choice to incur
"Divine displeasure for her sake, and death.
"—And me with thee hath ruined; for with thee
"Certain my resolution is to die—
".....from thy state,
"Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe,"

and only glanced at a few cases in history, which do honor to the cause of love. You gentlemen of learning," said she, addressing herself to me, "may recollect many more. There are also many instances of the contempt of riches, in comparison with the affections of the heart, to be found in ancient story; of great munificence towards the object of their desires, and great expense of wealth by lovers of former times, to please, obtain, or compliment a mistress. The young Roman who dissolved the costly pearl, and drank it in a goblet of wine, to toast his favorite lass, is an illus-

trious example. We see but little of such sacrifices among us; yet it must be acknowledged that money is sometimes made use of, even now, to overcome obstacles in the march to Hymen's court; and a handsome widow may possibly obtain twenty or thirty thousand, if she holds out with proper dignity, and increases her value by a little well-timed indifference, occasionally relieved by a certain roguish display of smiles and condescensions, so well understood by these experienced ladies."

No. VIII....SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1814.

It was a saying of the great Marshal Turenne, that "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre;" and, it might be added, that no man ought to be. Whoever would enjoy the good will and good wishes of his fellow men, must not strain too hard to keep above them. Whoever wishes for the pleasure which is derived from social intercourse, (and what pleasure is equal to it,) must endeavor to cultivate the good opinion and the friendship of those around him, by occasionally coming down to their level; and encourage an ingenuous familiarity, by that affability, condescension, and *affected* humility, if you please, which spreads a charm around the prince or the private man.

To exact too much, is often the occasion of our getting nothing. The man, who every where demands even the meed of praise that is due him, may find it yielded with reluctance; whilst he that "wears his honors with meekness," is sure to receive the full measure of his merits; with the additional satisfaction of seeing them bestowed with pleasure, and as freewill offerings of the heart, rather than the cold effects of obligation and duty. If we are always to play the great man or the hero, and cannot bear to be approached but with a

sort of reverence or servile respect, we shall soon find that not only our immediate connexions, but all with whom we have any intercourse whatever, will grow tired of this kind of slavery; and as they throw off their chains, the first proof they give that they have done so, will be to despise and ridicule the attempt to keep them on.

There are few truly great men, whose history does not record, as instances to embellish and complete their characters, some amiable traits of humility and playful innocence, without which, we should not take so deep an interest in them; and there is no character that appears less amiable, and none that can so hardly be endured, as that stiff reserve which discourages, and that self-sufficiency and haughtiness which seems contemptuously to repel, all confidence and familiarity. Julius Cæsar won more by his inviting and courteous manners, than by his sword. It is said also of the great Duke of Marlborough, that he could refuse favors with a better grace, than other men could bestow them; and that he was so practiced in the art of pleasing, that no man ever went to him with a request, but he came away pleased and satisfied, whether his request was granted or not. Henry the Fourth of France, was another of those characters, who could come down from the eminence of human greatness, and sport in the humble vale of friendship and domestic joys; the last Spectator has given us an example of this, sufficient for my purpose. Similar traits are recorded of Lorenzo de Medici, who, amidst all the splendor that surrounds the patriot, the warrior, and the man of letters, could divest himself of these rays of glory; and is often seen, with equal interest, in the more mild and placid light of the playful friend and familiar companion.

Instances of the like nature might be multiplied almost without end from among the great; but when we come to contrast them, we must descend to a different class and order in society; for those, who are afraid of hurting their dignity by the common acts of

ordinary life, have seldom a capacity to raise themselves above ordinary men. It would not perhaps be entertaining to my readers, to search for examples, which, although they might illustrate my position, would expose the defects of our common nature.—What I wish to recommend is, the injunction of the chief Apostle, that we should "not think of ourselves more highly than we ought." I cannot, however, omit the following anecdote, which will shew, how much we expose ourselves to the shafts of ridicule, when we assume a consequence, which does not really belong to us. In the revolutionary war, our troops, upon some occasion, were hastily throwing up a breast-work or battery; it was necessary that all hands should be employed; General Putnam, seeing a wheelbarrow of sand, and a man standing by it idle, said to him, "soldier, wheel out that barrow." "I am not a soldier," says the man, "I am a corporal;"—"O," said the General, "then hold my cane, whilst I wheel it out myself."

The story of old *Shamut* was very familiar with the first settlers, and is often told about the country where he lived, to the present day. Shamut was a brave Indian, but he had too great an itch for prerogative, and was too apt to assume more authority than he had discretion to use, and more than his office gave him a right to exercise. He was chosen captain, and in his eagerness to establish his consequence, and shew he was worthy to command, knocked down the first Indian he met; and when asked the reason why he did so, "to shew mine power," says Shamut. He went out a hunting, and killed a monstrous wolf; it was a brave and wonderful feat; the beast was so large, he could not drag him in, but he cut off his ears, and those were a sufficient trophy, and proof that he had destroyed him. Shamut was received with shouts and great joy by the whole tribe, and all the villages made great pow-wows to his honor, and gave him as much samp and succotash as he could eat. This lifted him up as high as the hills, and he began to disdain all in-

tercourse with common Indians. In one of his haughty moments, he returned a wampum that had been sent to him by one of his old friends, because the fellow had told the story of his killing the wolf not quite so much to his honor as some others had told it; and he declared he would never take a wampum of him again. He had a large wigwam, and became so disdainful, that he used to keep himself shut up in it, and would let nobody, without a deal of difficulty, come in to see him; and one day ordered his attendants to shoot some of his neighbour Indians, because they happened to come within gun-shot of his great wigwam. This overbearing disposition of Shamut lost him much of the good will his bravery had acquired; and the sachems of the village were obliged to admonish him, and remind him, that though brave, he ought not to be arrogant nor discourteous.

No. IX....SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1814.

It has been a very common complaint, that no encouragement is given, in this country, to literature or the fine arts. In this accusation we are reproached for want of taste or want of liberality; and it is rather mortifying to plead guilty to either of these charges.

To treat this subject technically, it would be proper to examine, first, how far this complaint is justified by facts; and secondly, whether the cause is to be sought for, alone, in the want of the qualities above noted.

It is not true, that no encouragement is given to science and literature in our country; for although every man of learning does not become a rich man, yet the respect and veneration paid to men of talents and erudition are a sufficient inducement, without mentioning the abstract pleasure of learning, for men to devote themselves to study. But there are many instances of

gentlemen who have acquired handsome fortunes in the learned professions, and thus their literary labors have been rewarded with riches, as well as by rank and honors.

But the complaint has been made generally, if not exclusively, by authors; and it must be allowed, that few of this class of the literati of our country have written themselves into opulence. We may however stand acquitted by our consciences, and by the world, from an extraordinary, or uncommon neglect of these worthies, when we recollect how many eminent men of this profession have been suffered to starve, neglected, in the most liberal countries of Europe. If we call to mind the miserable poverty, in which Savage, Otway, Chatterton, and even Spencer, languished and died, we ought not to be reproached with a singular disregard for literary men, because we never pensioned Barlow, Weems, Elias Smith, or Phillis Wheatley.

With respect to the fine arts, it must be confessed, that several of our countrymen, who discovered great skill in them, and received little or no encouragement here, are now very liberally patronized in England, and it has always been the case, when a young gentleman has had a taste for painting particularly, he has found it for his advantage to look to Europe for the reward of genius, rather than in America. Two good reasons may be given for this preference; there is both more taste for these things, and more money, in those countries, than at home. That there is more money, I think will not be disputed. The English nation is rich; their nobles and gentry are immensely rich; and where an individual has an income of fifty or sixty thousand pounds sterling a year, it need not be thought the effect of great liberality to give a hundred guineas for a picture that had obtained credit, or that should happen to please his fancy.

Now as it regards taste, without entering into the discussion about this talent as a natural quality of the human mind; it may be said in general to depend upon knowledge and experience; a man that studies paint-

ings, for instance, and becomes familiar with them, acquires a taste or judgment that enables him to discover beauties, or point out defects, where another, whose natural taste was equally good, but who had not been conversant with the subject, could not see any. We have but few fine paintings in this country, and therefore cannot be supposed to know much about them. Europe most certainly is the school to acquire, or at least to improve a taste for these matters.

Burke in his elegant work upon the "Sublime and Beautiful," has given some useful remarks upon taste, and has told us when any defect in a picture may be owing to a bad taste, or only to a want of knowledge of some particular circumstance represented in it.—He has these two examples. "A Turkish Emperor on being presented with a fine painting of a decollated head of St. John the Baptist, observed that the skin did not shrink from the wounded part of the neck as it ought." This, says Burke, was no fault or want of taste in the painter, who probably had never seen a real head in this situation; whereas such terrible spectacles were very familiar to his Turkish Majesty.—The other example is the story of the antient painter and the shoemaker. "The shoemaker pointed to some mistakes in the shoe of one of his figures, which the painter, who had not made such accurate observations on shoes, and was content with a general resemblance, had never observed; but this was no impeachment of the taste of the painter; it only shewed some want of knowledge in the art of making shoes." Thus far Burke; and to these examples I might add a third, which is the objection said to have been made by a sailor to Copeley's or West's (I do not recollect to which of these artists the merits of this picture belongs) picture of a young man saved from the jaws of a shark. The men, in the act of dragging the youth from the water, are all on one side of the boat; Jack observed, that the fellow who drew that picture might be a good painter, but he was no sailor, otherways he

would have known that when all hands were on one side, the boat would careen down.

These are small defects, and, as is said above, do not prove a want of natural taste in the painter, nor in the person who does not happen to notice them; but there is a picture which I have seen in several gentlemen's houses in this town, and one I believe that is considered by many as a valuable piece, which furnishes a notable example of a very bad taste. I allude to "The Last Supper;" near the arm of Judas Iscariot, in this picture, is a salt-cellar overturned, and appears to have been accidentally done by Judas. The painter could have had no other view in this representation than a piece of low wit, or a ludicrous reference to the vulgar notion, that 'tis an unlucky omen to spill salt. So poor a conceit would be unworthy any historical painting whatever; but to have introduced it into a subject of such solemnity, I should have considered as almost sacrilege.

When I began this number of my weekly labours, my principal aim was to clear our country of the imputation of want of patronage or liberality towards men of learning. My old friend Dr. Reverie differs a little from me on this subject; for as he has written a pamphlet and some newspaper pieces himself, he very naturally assumes the rank of an author, and in this character thinks, with many others, that he has not been rewarded altogether equal to his literary merits; but he preserves the hope that things will take a better turn; that when we shall be blest with more prosperous times, our countrymen, as they grow rich, will grow generous: and he has often told me he has a strong premonition, that the first golden monument erected to an author, will be inscribed to himself or to the *Writer*.

No. X.....SATURDAY JULY 16, 1814

THE following letter came directed, "To the Writer, post paid." As there is no date nor name of any place attached to it, I am at a loss to know, to what part of the country my correspondent belongs; but as he undoubtedly reads the SPECTATOR, I can think of no better way of replying to his address, than through the medium of this paper. Neither do I know, whether the letter was meant for publication; but as there may be others in the community, besides Mr. *Cholerick*, to whom his case will apply, I have thought proper to give it to the public; and here present it, together with my advice and observations upon it, for the benefit of all concerned.

Sir....I am one of those men who are said to have an unhappy temper; that is to say, one who makes it a very unhappy lot, for all those who have the misfortune to live with him. I am so passionate, that it is often dangerous for any of the family to come near me, and am therefore frequently left alone in my room, like some untamed animal, that nobody dares to approach. Yet there are times when I am as gentle as a lamb, and a little child may lead me; but then my paroxysms of rage are so sudden and violent, that it is not very safe for one to undertake it.

I have always considered this as a trait of nature which I could never get rid of, and therefore have not made, what I supposed to be vain, attempts to overcome it; but as I find it grows upon me, and there is danger of my being deserted by every body, for their own safety, if I do not endeavor to check it, I have resolved to hear advice respecting this my disorder, and think I should be willing to put myself into the hands of any person who would undertake a cure.—With this view, Mr. WRITER, I address myself to you, and as you seem to have some knowledge of mankind, you may perhaps know the best method of treating

such a subject; I hope therefore you will give me your advice; and to the end that, by knowing the extent of the disorder, and seeing more fully into the nature of my complaint, you may be able to treat it with better success, I will here acquaint you with some of its symptoms, and how I am generally affected with it.

If from any cause my dinner happens not to suit me, I immediately fly into a great rage, throw the victuals out of the dishes, overset the chairs, break some of the furniture, and stamp and foam about the room, to the great terror of my wife, and no small merriment of the saucy domestics in the kitchen.

If I am interrupted when reading, it is not only dangerous to the offender, but almost a certain damage to any book I may happen to have in my hand; for I usually throw it at somebody's head, or into the chimney corner; in this way I have committed to the flames many an author worthy of a better fate; and several books which I believe would have passed the ordeal of the inquisition itself, have gone out of my hands to suffer in these kind of auto de fe's. The least disappointment puts me in a rage, and not long ago I threw my cup and saucer in my wife's face with all its scalding contents, because, by mistake, she sent me coffee instead of tea.

These fits are generally sudden and transient, and often the first burst of the cloud discharges all its fire, and is soon succeeded by fair weather and a calm. This has given my family the idea of endeavoring to divert the worst effects of my irascibility, and, like some experimentalists in electricity, to draw it off, or direct it towards some object where it might prove innocuous.

Sometimes the domestic animals are made use of, by way of trial, to know whether I may be approached with safety or not; and a cat or a dog is sent into the room to try my temper, before the family dare to interrupt me; as kings have tasters, who must eat a portion of the food prepared for them, before they venture to eat of it themselves. But as I have found out this scheme, they will not dare to practice it any

longer; for yesterday I kicked the dog out of the room, and beat the servant unmercifully, for what I suppose he thought a prudent precaution.

Thus Mr. WRITER, I have made a confession of my sin; and although I do not ask absolution for the past, request you to give me your advice, how I may live with less damage to my family and furniture in future.

CHRISTOPHER CHOLERICK, *Gent.*

I am extremely obliged to Mr. Cholerick for the good opinion he seems to have of the abilities of *"The Writer;"* and in return for his confidence, will take up the subject of his complaint and request, and treat them with all that seriousness and attention, which the case requires. I must confess, however, that I should not be thus ready to engage in so dangerous an enterprize, if I was any where near him; for as I shall give him advice which may be new and unexpected, I might receive an experimental proof of his disorder, more impressive than those he has related in his letter.

I have somewhere heard a story of a Prince who was a great player of chess, but who was so passionate that few persons dared to engage with him; he had a friend however who would sometimes adventure; but he always proceeded with great caution, and when he saw an opportunity for a check mate, got himself ready for a start, and the moment he had placed his piece, flew to the other side of the room;—and then cried, *check mate!*

Considering myself therefore at a safe distance from Mr. Cholerick, the first "check" I shall give him will be to deprive him of the apology which he and every man of his temper, are extremely ready to urge as their excuse, or an extenuation of their fault; viz. that "'tis their nature, and they cannot help it." This I utterly deny; I am no believer in that sort of mental imbecility, beneath the shade of which we often endeavor to dim the image of our faults and imperfections. Let me ask Mr. Cholerick, if he cannot, and does not, easi-

ly restrain his passion in most companies, and most places, except home? Did he ever upset the dishes on a friend's table, where he was invited to dine; or does he throw his tea or coffee in the face of any lady but his wife? I presume not. These fits of passion are suffered to break out (I will not say are indulged) only where we know we are masters, for we can "have the rule over our own spirits" as long as we are kept in check by company, or awed by the presence of those we consider our superiors. I should therefore advise the gentleman, however trite this advice may appear, "to begin at home." Let him consider whether his own house is not the point where the enemy chooses to assail him, and let him place prudence and caution on the watch, bring resolution to sustain the first attack, and have reason always in reserve to support him; and I doubt not but he will soon obtain the honor of a victory.

No. XI....SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1814.

It is the nature and business of man to search after happiness. All are engaged in this pursuit, and however different, various, or divergent the paths we tread, we have all the same bright object in view; and in the spring time of youth, at least, all expect to obtain and enjoy it. Since then this desire is so general, or rather universal in the human breast, and as the world appears not decided on the best and surest way to acquire this "greatest good," I shall endeavor in this and the following number, to show that there is one sure way, (and there is but one) a plain and easy way, to obtain the blessing; and notwithstanding it is too often passed by, as not offering the gilded but deceitful joys which lures the wayward fancy of the thoughtless and wanton, yet it is eminently "a way of

pleasantness," and those who walk in it never fail to "go on their way rejoicing."

In some fables and allegories mankind are represented to be inquiring after happiness; "who shall show us any good," says the Psalmist. But although this idea may be worked up into a handsome figure of speech, I doubt whether it will comport very accurately with real life. I believe rather that every one is so sure that he is in the right road, that he thinks it entirely unnecessary to inquire, and would feel more offended than obliged, if you were so officious as to tell him he was in a wrong.

It is however certain, that there is a wrong way; a way that leads to misery, instead of happiness; and into which we are too often misled by false appearances, and wander widest from the object of our pursuits, when our arms are just open to embrace it.

Lured by the glitter of wealth, or seduced by the wanton eye of unlawful love; roused by the trump of fame, or soothed by the softer strains of indolence and ease, we submit ourselves to the guidance of passions; and borne along by their eager and impatient footsteps in a hasty and unreflecting career after the goddess of our desires, we either forget or foolishly deny that

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

There is not however a more solemn truth, nor one more interesting for mankind to know and acknowledge, than this short aphorism of the poet. Let it be understood that in the idea of virtue I include that of religion, (in my mind indeed I cannot separate them,) and then I will appeal to the heart of man for a confirmation of this great truth. If indeed there is a heart so depraved as to be entirely insensible to the pleasure of virtuous actions, with such an one I have nothing to do. He who feels no emotions in relieving distress, sees no beauty in benevolence, esteems not the piety of a mother, the chastity of a sister, or the fidelity of a friend, has not a human heart: he is an ideot without feeling, or a demon and has none but those of

a fiend. To such the appeal is not meant to be made. But to all who have human sensibilities remaining, though depraved; to all who have any of the sympathies of their nature still hovering around their hearts to guard some corner uncorrupted by vice; to these, whether old or young, this solemn truth is advanced, fearless of contradiction: To be happy, man must be virtuous.

Why then all this bustle, all this toil, all these schemes and contrivances to be happy? Why wander about in so many bye-paths, when the strait and certain road is before you? We have only to walk uprightly, and we shall walk safely. We have only to preserve our minds pure, our consciences clear, our hearts without guile, and peace, and pleasure, and happiness will make their abode with us. The heart of the pious and good man reposes softly, though his head may be pillowed on a stone; whilst the guilty rest on thorns, even when reclined on the soft bosom of love.

Whilst we are innocent, we eat the bread of cheerfulness, and the cup of life is sweet to our taste; but no sooner are we corrupted by vice, than this cup becomes bitter, and the longer we drink of it, the more difficult it will be "to make the nauseous draught go down."

Go to the filthy sons of intemperance and sensuality, and look at their pleasures; see them in their polluted haunts, hear the vulgar oaths, the obscene jests, their rude noise and brutal quarrels, and say if happiness is here. Return and visit the abodes of purity, innocence, christian charity, and love, and say if here she is not? Indulge your evil passions, cherish revenge, foster envy in your bosoms, gratify your lusts, give the reins to unruly desire; will you then overtake happiness in her flight, or will she come and hold communion with such guests? No! you must banish these from your heart, or you banish happiness forever.

Socrates and Plato, although they had not the privilege of being christians, saw and acknowledged the beauty of virtue; and they taught their disciples that happiness, or the favor of the gods, could only be se-

cured by the practise of it. And the great Addison, when he called his libertine relation to his bed-side that he might see how a christian could die, was a glorious proof of the happiness of virtue even in the pangs of death.

The eastern nations, with minds bewildered and perplexed by false religions, and corrupted by voluptuousness and servility, yet are not insensible to the charms of virtue, and frequently delight to exhibit her, in their figurative language, as most amiable and engaging.

My readers will remember that I told them, I had been a great traveller. When I was in Constantinople, I used to frequent the coffee-houses, where the Turks assembled to smoke, drink coffee, and hear the tales of their poets or story tellers. At one of these entertainments, the company appeared to be unusually attentive and pleased; and I was very desirous of knowing the subject, or nature of the discourse which had given them so much amusement and satisfaction. I was told it was a sort of allegory, but newly related amongst them, called the "Vision of Ahmrad." With some difficulty I procured a manuscript of it, and had it translated into English, and as it is an illustration of the great truth I have been endeavoring to establish in this paper, I shall present it to my readers entire in my next.

No. XII....SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1814.

THE VISION OF AHMRAD,

OR, THE PATH OF VIRTUE THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

WANDERING upon the banks of the great Euphrates, anxious with thought and sorely oppressed with care, Ahmrad ascended a hill, and reclined his weary

limbs on the ground. From this eminence he could behold the waters of the mighty stream; and he saw it bear along numberless little boats, peopled, some with votaries of pleasure, some with slaves of business. He turned his eyes to the city, and here too he saw multitudes of beings crowding the streets, and hurrying along in different directions, all active in the pursuit of something. "Ah! mortals," said Ahmrad, "you are all seeking happiness. I too have sought her, but she is not to be found. I have enjoyed riches; but she cannot be bought with gold. I have received honors and the favor of my Prince; but she dwells not in the temple of fame. My desires have been satisfied with the charms of beauty; the choicest meats have been prepared on my carpet, and all the spices of Arabia set before me; I have even disobeyed the prophet, and pleased my taste with rich and costly wines; but happiness comes not to the couch, nor to the feasts of sensuality. I have devoted my whole life to the search of happiness, but she is a phantom; and when you think to embrace her, you only clasp at transient and fruitless joys. I will be deceived no longer, but leave the deceitful world, and hide myself in solitude, that I may be no more mocked in this vain pursuit, or enticed by vanity and a lie." With these murmurs, Ahmrad sunk on his grassy seat, and fell into a trance. Immediately a charming vision appeared to him. A beautiful female robed in white, and holding a mirror in her hand, stood by his side and said, "Ahmrad, arise." Ahmrad rose up, and, supposing her to be one of the Houris, bowed his head to the earth three times to adore her. "I am TRUTH, Ahmrad," said she, "and am sent to enlighten you. Look in this mirror, and hereafter you will reverence TRUTH."

Charmed with the soft accents of this beautiful vision, Ahmrad turned his face to the glass, and beheld an immense plain extended before him. "This is the great field of human life," resumed his divine instructress; "behold there the pursuit of mortals; learn wisdom from their errors; follow virtue and be happy."

Through this great plain lay two principal roads, which seemed to have one common beginning or point of departure; but, as they stretched along the plain, they separated and diverged widely from each other. On the right hand was the path of Virtue and led to Happiness. That on the left was the highway of Vice and led to Misery. Ahmrad perceived that both these roads were full of passengers; but he was astonished to see the left so crowded, although it was wider than the other, which was narrow and had comparatively few who travelled in it.

In the road to misery were the partizans of vice, and she herself, with frolic and dancing, led them along, and enticed them to follow her. Her dress was gaudy and rich, glowing with bright colors, and sparkling with false gems. What appeared her face was very beautiful, but it was a mask, and concealed her real features, which were frightful. Her manners were graceful, but wanton; and with the flattery of her tongue she pursuaded men to forsake virtue, and join her festive, but thoughtless train. She was attended, moreover, by a number of emissaries and companions, who were continually employed in beguiling the multitude, and seducing them into her path. These attendants, although they seemed pleasing enough at first, as they proceeded onwards in the road, altered fast for the worse, and soon became odious. There was *Intemperance*, who appeared healthy and joyous, and deceived many with her mirth; but before she had advanced far on the road, she became bloated, bleareyed, stupid, and insensible. *Prostitution*, in youthful bloom, with naked charms, and smiling face, and honey on her lips, she with enticing lust and young desire, beguiled many; but soon she changed to pale and withered cheeks, with haggard looks, and feeble, sickly frame. *Avarice;* she was mistaken for prosperity and prudent gain; but, as she changed not her garments till they became filthy rags, and starved herself with fasting, she grew hideous to behold. *Profaneness*, disguised as merriment, beguiled some by impious wit

and foolish jesting; but ere long, her mouth grew black and foul, and with noxious breath tainted the air with imprecations. *Infidelity* too was here, with gloomy brow, and fell despair rolling wildly in her eyes, preaching oblivion.

Such were the companions of those who went on in this road. Its borders were decorated with flowers, tempting to the eye, and more luring to passengers than the other, which was only adorned with a plain and pleasant green, and which also was rougher and more broken, especially in the beginning. But Ahmrad saw that the flowers, which bloomed so gay and flattering, were deceitful, that many of them were poisonous, and tainted those who plucked them with loathsome disease; others faded as soon as they were gathered, and instead of yielding a pleasant flavor, became so offensive and nauseous, as to be immediately thrown away. There were likewise serpents and noxious reptiles concealed along these borders, which often wounded the passengers; wasps and hornets too infested the flowers, and stung the hands that were incautiously, or impatiently reached out to gather them.

As the company proceeded along the road, the prospect before them appeared less inviting than when they first entered it; what was smooth, and gay, and gladsome, began now to appear rough, and cheerless, and gloomy. Their companions were also changed; instead of mirth and glee, discontent and wrangling were heard among them; and though they all strove hard to be merry, and sometimes deceived themselves with laughter, yet pleasure never reached their joyless hearts.—Several of those who at first cheered and enlivened their society, had left them and gone the other way. Innocence forsook them at the parting of the roads, and friendship being very soon insulted by treachery, also withdrew and fled away.

Now at the end of each of these great roads was a temple; but being at such a distance, they were indistinctly seen. On one of these was inscribed, in letters of gold—THE TEMPLE OF HAPPINESS. On the other

was written, surrounded with dark and gloomy hieroglyphicks—**The Temple of Misery**. The company who had taken the left were marching towards the latter. They had flattered themselves, and their deceitful conductress had told them when they entered this road, that it lead to happiness, and that the building, of which they had but a glimpse, was her temple; and although now they had some fears that they were deceived, yet as this temple appeared to be covered with a mist or shade, so that they could not see its true character and marks, they still hoped it would prove what they expected, and that they should find happiness there. Many however were discouraged, and wished to go back again, and change their route; but this was impossible, the resistless hand of Time met them and prevented their return. There were some cross paths, it is true, that led, advancing onwards, into the other road, and which Time did not bar against them. But these were blind paths, full of briars and bushes; and some evil habit, mad desire, or ruling appetite and passion, was found at each avenue ever ready to oppose them.

Thus Ahmrad saw with grief and compassion this erring multitude of his fellow beings led by vice and deceived by false and vicious pleasures, until they started with horror at a full and fatal view of the Temple of Misery; and when their deluding guide had no longer the art to conduct them voluntarily, the vultures of remorse, the scorpions of conscience, and the sword of Justice, combined to drive them into it.

"This, O Ahmrad," said the celestial maid, who held the mirror of Truth, "this is the end of Vice; but turn now your eyes to the other road, and see the companions of Virtue." Immediately he obeyed, for he was glad to relieve the distressess of his heart, by turning from a scene of such wretchedness and woe.

The companions of Virtue were few, but Ahmrad saw that their guide was heavenly. She had no false ornaments, nor any thing about her that could deceive. Her attire was plain, but bright and pure as the morn-

ing cloud that hovers over Mount Taurus, or as the snow it scatters on its brow. The road they had chosen was indeed rough, it was even sometimes strewed with thorns. But if any of the travellers here chanced to receive a hurt, immediately their smiling guide gave them a secret balm which healed their wounds, and soothed their hearts to pleasure. This was the balm of conscious rectitude.

Its borders, at first, afforded but few flowers, and these not of the richest hues, but they gave a fine perfume, and when gathered, did not decay, but retained their freshness, and were forever sweet.

As the company proceeded gently and cheerfully along the path, it became smoother, the prospect before them brighter, and the borders began to bloom; all who passed received equal delight; flocks of harmless birds enlivened the scene, and cheered the way with their artless notes: all was harmony, all was love. Innocence accompanied virtue, and cheerfulness walked by their side, and filled the air with incense. Thus they advanced towards the temple with the golden inscription, which now appeared bright to their view, and needed not the sun to shine upon it, for its lustre was its own. As they drew near, soft music saluted their ears; white robed peace, with a dove in her hand, came to meet them, and happiness, beaming with love, and breathing soft raptures, stood with outstretched arms to receive and welcome them to her abode.

Ahmrad was now overwhelmed with delight, and he fell down to clasp the feet of the heavenly vision; but she was gone. He looked around; he saw nothing but the river and the city, and the busy multitudes he had before observed. Yet strongly impressed with the vision of Truth, he rose up, bowed his head three times to the ground, with his face towards the east, adored Truth, and resolved to practise Virtue.

No. XIII....SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1814.

THERE are some men who never know what it is to be clear of debt, and who have such a facility of accumulating creditors, that they seldom meet a person who has not some demand against them. The whole business of their lives seems to be divided between contracting debts and contriving how to avoid paying them. I have known one of these men spend more time in hunting about for somebody to lend him a five dollar bill, than would have cost him to earn it, if he had employed his industry at any kind of profitable labor.

One would think that this was the most irksome as well as most shameful way of living on the public; for a man must not only feel mean and mortified, by meeting at every turn somebody he had deceived, but must have his thoughts constantly on the rack in devising means to deceive others.

Jack Countless is a young man, but he has already a great many old debts; several of which would be outlawed by the statute, if he was not sometimes reminded by his officious creditors, that they still remain unpaid. These obliging notices, as Jack calls them, are now frequently given, and as frequently put off by the same story he has told these five years, viz. that he is just upon the point of settling an estate in the country, which will at once clear him of his debts, and the trouble of managing an extensive concern that he has not leisure to attend to.

Jack began his career with but little money, but a determination to be a great gentleman; he therefore took expensive lodgings, kept his gig, and drank his bottle of Madeira, until he was known in all the best circles about town.

Every thing succeeded to his best wishes; 'no matter for money,' says Jack, 'as long as my credit is good.' And as credit may be said to have introduced him to good company, so good company assisted his

credit. Thus he continued to increase his bills, till some discontented fellows wanted to be paid; and when they would trust him no longer, Jack with a becoming spirit, declared he would never employ them again; and as this was a good excuse for leaving them, he accordingly gave his custom to others. In this way he has been a lodger in every public house in town, and the books of almost every tradesman and shopkeeper have a crowded page to the debit of Mr. Countless, with an entire blank on the contra side.

Sam Spendit is another of these luckless wights, who, by contracting early debts, has been "all his lifetime subject to bondage." He married young, and as his wife had been celebrated as a toast, there was nothing more natural, than that she should expect to be maintained as a Lady; accordingly they began an establishment which his income and business would not support, and which of course his credit for a little while must. Money must be had for every fashionable amusement, when they could pay neither their bakers' nor grocers' bills; and all their children were educated in the expensive accomplishments of music and dancing, whilst the servants were obliged to sue for or go unpaid their monthly wages. But amidst all the splendor of high life, and whilst he was giving balls and suppers and costly entertainments, the world was astonished to see Mr. Spendit come out a bankrupt. But he very honestly surrendered all his property according to the act, paid one cent on a dollar, for which the law gave him a receipt in full; and began life again, as he used to say, with a clear conscience, and, what was still better, clear of all debts, dues, and demands. His wife, to be sure, kept all her rich furniture; for what creditor could take any thing from a lady, and one who had been a toast. Thus they were able to keep up appearances; appearances deceived some, fair words and promises deceived others; it was the fashion to do business on credit, and no one could refuse to trust so genteel a man as Mr. Spendit. He therefore lived in his usual style, till a second embarrassment brought

him "within the limits." Here however he lived in style; his cards and billets were all dated from Court Street, on gilt paper, and he cracked his bottle of wine, and eat his suppers with a brace of wax candles on his table. He knew his "merciless creditors" could keep him here but forty days, and at the expiration of that time the law once more set him at liberty "with a clear conscience."

Among the numerous blessings, which we enjoy in this our happy republic over other countries, some people might think we ought to reckon that of being able to live upon the industry of others; for where do we find that a man can so easily emerge from the embarrassment of his affairs, and rise on the distresses of his creditors, as in America? Or where do we so often see persons drive their pair of horses, and appear at public places, in the height and extravagance of fashion, after having, more than once, paid only 2s on a pound of their debts thus extravagantly contracted. And yet, if we were to attend to the numerous petitions which are yearly sent up to the legislature for their relief, and the unremitting endeavors of debtors to gain the public to their side, and prejudice it against their oppressors, we might be led to believe that all creditors ought to be hanged, and their property confiscated for the benefit and behoof of that suffering part of the community, which they had so seriously injured by trusting them.

The Romans, as they had a barbarous method of treating those who would not pay their debts, so they observed a solemn sort of ceremony in contracting them. In verbal bargains there were fixed forms; questions were asked, and answers were given regarding such bargains, before witnesses. There was the *Reus Stipulandi;* and the *Reus Promittendi.* Sometimes an oath was required, and the promise repeated to a second person, *Astipulator.* The person, who promised, also usually had some correspondent obligation, &c.

Conversing the other day with Dr. Reverie on this subject, he told me he had read of a country (but, as

he is a great dreamer, I rather suspect he dreamt it) where the laws provided that every person, when he contracted a debt, should receive a sort of little medal, as a memento of his obligation to pay, and was bound to wear it at his button hole, that the public might also know how much he owed, and thereby be better able to judge whether it would be safe to trust him.

The old gentleman usually winds up his stories with some attempt at humor; and upon the present occasion he observed, that if the law was such in our country, we should often meet men with more badges, than was ever worn by Lord Nelson himself in all his glory.

No. XIV....SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1814.

Gli altri ornamenti, chi m'ascolta o legge
Pue imaginar, senza ch'io 'l canti o scriva.

Orl. Furioso.

I HAVE had intimations from several different quarters, of having raised hopes and expectations, which I shall be called upon to fulfil. The female part of the community, I understand, were pleased with certain promises in my first number, but are somewhat disappointed that I have said nothing upon a certain most interesting subject since, nor paid them that attention and homage, which they very rationally think are their due, and which every man of gallantry, and especially a bachelor, ought always to observe towards them. They intimate that there was a pledge given, and as long as it remains unredeemed, they have a right to think that, like all other new projectors, I have promised more than I meant to perform.

I have been told by the editor of this paper,* that immediately after my first number, his list of subscri-

* The Boston Spectator.

bers was increased by the names of a great many ladies under twenty; but that lately, somehow or other, they have become impatient, and threaten to withdraw their patronage. As I was very much flattered by the first part of this information, so I am equally troubled and mortified to learn, that any of my fair readers are about to give me up; and being extremely desirous to induce them to persevere, will very readily and cheerfully renew all my former obligations. I must at the same time, however, remind them of the fable of the father and his sons. They will remember that the old gentleman being upon his death-bed, called his sons and told them, that there was a rich treasure concealed in his field; but did not point out the particular spot where it might be found. The sons set themselves to work, digging and turning up the soil, in hopes to find the treasure, and at last realized it in the cultivation of the field. I would observe upon this occasion, that although my young friends may not suddenly obtain the sought-for treasure, yet if they will continue to visit this my little garden, which I have opened for their reception and amusement, they may occasionally pluck a flower to adorn their native charms; or which, transplanted to the fair and more fruitful field of their own minds, will flourish and produce the fruits of their highest hopes and desires. Or, to leave the metaphor, and talk in plainer terms. I am in hopes that by gleaning here and there a sentiment, imitating an example, or improving upon some idea or allusion, they will eventually obtain the reward held out to engage their pursuit, and what we suppose is equally desirable, within the time prescribed.

There are also some other considerations which I must confess have had their influence to make me negligent in this business;—promises, as well as threatenings, may be withdrawn, when the objects meant to be promoted by them are likely to be accomplished without their completion. If upon the publication of my *rules*, I should be told by some sly and witty damsel that they were all well understood and artfully

practised already, my pretence to wisdom would be turned to ridicule; and from the best observations I have been able lately to make, the young ladies of this metropolis are not only in possession of all the arts and secrets necessary to promote the proposed object, but that they are using all laudable diligence in the application of "means to an end." Knowledge however is of an unsatisfying nature, and the more we know the more eager we are to acquire knowledge. It is this propensity which urges so many to look for more instruction from my papers, and which now breaks out in complaints on being disappointed.

Among a great number of letters which I have received upon this subject, some with inquiries and some with complaints, there is one from a young widow, who has worn her mourning, as she informs me, six months; but who it seems is ready upon any necessary occasion to leave it off; she therefore wishes to know, whether, if I was to publish any particular rules, it would be proper for her to observe them, whilst she continues her weeds.

I might fill up a whole paper with these addresses, but as I am so much more given to compose than to transcribe, and think so much more of my own writing than of other people's, I shall lay them all aside, except two, which I will here give my readers entire; after requesting my fair correspondents to accept, as an answer to them, the observations already made in the foregoing part of this number.

To "The Writer."

Sir....As I am a subscriber for the Boston Spectator, I have read all the papers of the *Writer*, and I will tell you plainly, sir, I have been rather disappointed. There was certainly something flattering in the first number, and though I did not understand it all, yet on the whole I thought it promised well; and I did expect that, after some of your professions and declarations, you would have given us more profitable amusement than what is

contained in your Shamuts, your dry dissertations on Time, or your advice to Christopher Cholerick, gentleman. Now, sir, as I belong to a reading party, consisting of very young ladies, you can easily imagine we are all eager after improvement, and desirous of qualifying ourselves for a higher station; I must therefore inform you that I am authorized by our whole circle to let you know, that we look for more interesting matter in your papers; and if you do not conform a little better to the tenor of your first number, we shall not think you any longer worthy our notice.

Per order,

HARRIET HIGHHOPES.

SIR....I have searched all your papers from your first number, for your *rules*, &c., but it seems you have forgotten the subject of which you there pretended to have so much knowledge. If you are waiting for us to apply to you publicly for instructions, you may wait till Christmas for all me; for I would let you know, that I hope to obtain all the advantages you hint at, without asking your advice.

TABITHA TOUCHY.

No. XV.....SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1814.

I HAVE had several occasions since I began these weekly essays, to mention my friend Dr. REVERIE; and as I shall, no doubt, in future, often enrich my pages with his observations and remarks, I think it may be proper, and I hope entertaining to my readers, to give them some general idea of the character and reputed science of this worthy gentleman, at this time, and hereafter I may finish the picture, by re-touching

the peculiar traits, and bringing forward by proper relief, the bolder and more prominent parts of this interesting and somewhat singular portrait.

I never have been able to fix, exactly, the important era of his birth, but as he is pretty intimate with events of the middle of the last century, I should place it about the year '45; which, if I recollect right, was the year of the rebellion and the downfal of the last Pretender. I merely mention this historical fact, in order that posterity may advert to it, in case there should be any dispute hereafter about the event I am speaking of; as the births or deaths of some illustrious men of antiquity are often determined by great eclipses or the Olympian games.

The Doctor, in his general appearance, very much resembles one of those good people we call Quakers. In his youth, I am told, he was animated, full of spirit, and very sanguine and confident of success in all his projects and undertakings. He was quick, though not violent, in his temper; but in his resentment he was implacable; fortunately, his power of discrimination is so accurate, and his integrity so unimpeachable, that though sometimes severe, he can very seldom be called unjust. Age and philosophy, however, having very much mellowed his temper and disposition, it is not now a trifling thing that can ruffle him; and the only time I remember to have seen him in a violent passion, was when one of his patients had eaten a piece of veal, after he had ordered him to live on beef-steak and onions.

For science and literary acquirements he holds a high and honorable rank; and as a professional man, is not only eminent for his skill, but has the good fortune to be employed by all the beau monde; for as it is the fashion sometimes to be indisposed, so also, to be perfectly genteel, it is necessary that you have a fashionable physician, and nobody now a days can be sick in any kind of style, unless they have Dr. Reverie to attend them.

But what he values himself most upon, is his *Theory*.

Every great man, and especially every great physician, must have his theory; and Dr. Reverie has erected one as splendid and as visionary, as any that have gone before him. This is the vehicle of his fame, or, to express it in his own more lofty language, this is his chariot of genius, which like the car of victory is to transport him to the Temple of Fame in triumph.

The all-pervading principle of Electricity early suggested to Dr. Reverie the idea of this new Theory; and his active and eager mind required but little excitement to become overcharged, and it finally exploded one of the finest hypotheses, which this or any other age has ever produced. By his method the Hippocratick and Galenick system of the four humors is entirely done away; as also the idea of the natural, vital, and animal spirits; Electricity supersedes the whole, and beautifully simplifies whatever has heretofore been intricate and perplexing in the "Theory and Practise of Medicine." By this system all disorders are known to originate in the excess, or deficiency, of the electrical fluid in the natural body; and therefore we have only to regulate it, plus or minus, to counteract disease, or prevent any kind of sickness or disorder whatever. It must be confessed that the Doctor sometimes runs his Theory almost too hard; but this is natural, and what all Theorists have been guilty of before him. In the warmth of argument, you might suppose he thought the human body a mere electrical machine, and that, with a proper apparatus of wires, bells, and glasses he could play off, with it, all the various and beautiful phœnomena, which are usually exhibited in the best lectures upon this branch of philosophy and natural science. The human frame, I have heard him say, is sometimes so highly charged with this amazing fluid, that he could kill a turkey with it as far, as Dr. Franklin did, when he fired his electrical machine across the Schuylkill river. These kind of whims, as they do no harm, are rather agreeable traits, than blemishes in the character of the Doctor; and all who have the happiness of his acquaintance, love and respect him personally, whatever may be their opinion of his Theory.

No. XVI....SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1814.

——Illa neque Lares neque Penates veneratur.

When I was a young man, I had two beautiful female cousins, who were very intimate and very fond of each other, and yet they differed very much in their tastes and dispositions. To distinguish, without betraying them in my description, I shall call them by the fictitious names of Cornelia and Livia. Cornelia was always endeavoring to adorn her mind, Livia her person; of course, if you found Cornelia alone, you were sure to catch her with a book in her hand; if you sought for Livia, she was as constantly found cocking her bonnet, shifting a ribbon, or contriving some kind of new ornament to deck her person, and set off her pretty face to greater advantage. Cornelia had no sort of taste or desire for gewgaws; a brilliant necklace, or a pair of ear-rings, had no charms for her, unless it was that she might give them to somebody who had a greater fancy for them, and thus afford pleasure to some of her friends. The trinkets and ornaments, therefore, which came into her possession, were generally given to Livia, and she seemed to take as much pleasure in dressing out her fair cousin, as the most of young ladies discover in dressing themselves.

What she thought of her own person, nobody I believe ever knew, but we all knew that she thought her cousin Livia handsome; and although she was so careless of dress and appearance herself, she always took delight in seeing fine clothes and fine ornaments bestowed on Livia.

These two young ladies lived in great harmony, for there was nothing that might interrupt it; they were both good-natured, and there was no rivalship. Livia was always dressed the finest, and Cornelia, instead of envying her fair companion, took great pleasure in seeing her so gay and so happy; in fact, she loved her, and thought every body else ought to, for taking so much pains to please them.

I shall pursue the comparison no farther; but as time has long since separated these ladies from their youthful sports and intimacy, I shall also separate their stories; and continue that of Livia in the present number, whilst I reserve a further account of her cousin Cornelia for future entertainment.

The parents of Livia, indulgent to the inclinations of their daughter, and proud of the prospect of her celebrity, gave her what is called a polite education, and encouraged her disposition and desire to be a fine lady. She was taught music in despite of nature, for she had no ear; and painting, although she could never rightly understand the effect of light and shade. At dancing she was an apt scholar; but, with all the reputation of "learning French," she was never able to remember the proper application of the masculine and feminine articles. She went through these studies however, in course, and her masters flattered her and the old folks, that she excelled in them all. With these advantages, Livia came out at sixteen, what the world calls "a very accomplished young lady;" she could play a tune on the piano, paint a flower, and repeat a number of complimentary French phrases. She was always in fashion, and generally in the extreme of it; if it was the rage to wear the hat a little on one side, her's was sure to be brought down to the lower part of her face; if bare necks was the mode, she would not only shew a very handsome one, but take care to add to the display, some portion of her snowy bosom. It was the wisdom of those times to conceal that uncomely part of the arm above the elbow, but the delicate taper, and beautiful contour from thence to the wrist, were allowed to be uncovered, and Livia not only possessed these beauties and advantages in a superior degree, but also knew how to set them off with a most magical effect.

Thus accomplished and thus skilled to captivate, no wonder Livia was surrounded by admirers, and became the idol of all the young fellows of fashion about the town. In short, she was celebrated as a belle, to the great joy of her parents, who were not a little proud

of her being so, nor of the pains they had taken to make her one; as such, she was every where known, and although her name was never mentioned but with rapture, yet it was mentioned so often, that it almost became a bye word, and every saucy beau would have some fine things to say of Livia, even in a coffee-house or tavern, and boast of her acquaintance amongst companions, and in public places, where it would have been very much against her reputation to be seen. When she walked down Cornhill, there was always a knot of eager gazers on the opposite side of the street, to watch and admire her; and although she sometimes affected to complain at their saucy stare, yet it was plain she considered it as a kind of homage or adoration which was due to her, and therefore it did not, in reality, put her very much out of temper.

With so many admirers and gallants, Livia had only to follow the dictates of her fluttering young heart in making choice of a husband. She was married at eighteen, and as she was a fashionable belle herself, she chose a man of the like accomplishments, and gave her hand to a dashing beau.'

Seldom had a more dazzling couple exchanged their vows before the altar. But a new scene was now to open before them; duties and obligations had devolved upon each, which neither knew very well how to perform. Livia's education and accomplishments had been chiefly calculated to obtain a husband, but unfortunately she had none of the qualifications necessary for a wife or a mother.

During a single life, pleasure may be sought for any where, but, in the married state, if she is not found at home, it will be an unprofitable search to go abroad in quest of her. Livia however has no domestic comforts. She hates the trouble of children, and takes no pride in seeing her's look better than her neighbor's, so that they generally look a great deal worse. Retaining all her former passion for dress and ornaments, she spends the most of her time in embellishing her own person, and therefore has little or none to spare for her child-

ren. Thus neglected and almost forsaken, no wonder they are ragged and dirty, whilst their mamma is receiving company in fine lace and muslin. They are also bold and saucy; for being turned into the street, to learn the world, and rid their mother of their noise and trouble, they contract evil and vulgar habits, as well as dirty hands and dirty faces. All her family concerns are equally neglected; she feels no reverence for the Household Gods. She has no economy in her affairs; she has none of that systematic regularity and nice arrangement, which makes *home* the most convenient; and she is not susceptible of those quiet pleasures and fireside enjoyments, which should make it, of all places, the most pleasant and most desirable. In a well regulated family, even the servants should not be neglected; but here they are left to sleep on flock-beds or on the floor, and are put in some miserable corner of the house, where the eye of the mistress never sees their situation, and, whether in sickness or in health, she feels no solicitude for their comfort or accommodation.

It cannot be expected that much happiness is enjoyed in a scene like this, and the husband of Livia is constrained to acknowledge, although he is proud of his handsome wife, that it would have been more for his family comforts and his children's benefit, had her mind been more improved, and had she been trained up in habits of industry and domestic virtues.

No. XVII....SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1814.

Pierias umbras secessus Camoenarum exquirit.

In my last essay I introduced to my readers two ladies, to whom I claimed the honor of being related; and having given the leading traits in the character of

one of them, with the result of that system of education which is the most favored at the present day, I shall now return to the other, and, in continuing the story of Cornelia, give the picture of a person very different from that of her cousin, and perhaps in the sequel, afford an opportunity to judge, of the comparative advantages of their different manners and accomplishments.

Cornelia began early to cultivate her understanding; and in proportion as she enriched this, she thought the less of those external and showy acquirements, which catch the idle gaze of the world, but never bring, to the bosom panting for durable pleasures, any real enjoyment, nor any happiness that is lasting. She considered the mind as the pearl of great price; and that all the time laid out or spent upon her person, must be lost, when, in a few years, that person would fade and decay; but that every moment given to the improvement and polish of the mind, was employed to higher advantage, and would be repaid with unabating pleasures, even in old age.

She did not court learning for the fame of it, but for its advantages and its real pleasures. She brought no splendid gifts to the public altars of the Muses, but loved them in retirement, and sought their favor amid their secret haunts.

Let not my fair and fashionable friends startle at the idea of a lady of *learning;* Cornelia neglected nothing in favor of her book, which would make her more useful at home, or which was necessary to enable her to appear, with the nicest propriety, at a party or a ball. It has been already said, that she had no taste for ornaments; but she had a very correct one in dress. In this particular, she was always plain, but the best judges pronounced her elegant. None of her time was wasted in planning new decorations or altering old ones; and she would get through a volume, whilst others were setting a cap or trimming a bonnet. As her dress was simple, she saved also a great deal of time in putting it on. I have known her assist a whole

afternoon in dressing her cousin Livia for a ball, and prepare herself, in less than half an hour, for the same party. She was neither a votary to fashion, nor the transgressor of her laws. Her appearance was always regulated by her sense of propriety, and this taught her equally to avoid a negligence of the prevailing modes in dress, or a studied attention to excel in them. The person of Cornelia, therefore, had none of that glare about it, which usually attracts the notice of the generality of men, but, when once this notice was attracted, it was fixed; there was a sort of charm about her, which increased its magic as you approached the object, and which, upon a near acquaintance, men of taste could not easily resist. The sentiment, however, which she inspired, was pure and elevated. She was never toasted in a tavern, for she was not celebrated as a belle, and the most rude of her acquaintance would have felt it a sort of profanation to make use of her name, at any improper time or place. She was not followed about by a train of lovers, for she encouraged no one to tell the secrets of his heart, till she felt a prepossession in her own. Cornelia had this prepossession at twenty one, and she united herself, at that age, to a man altogether worthy of her.

In the cultivation of her mind she had learned the appropriate duties of the female character; and she always made them her peculiar study. If therefore her deportment was amiable and becoming as a single lady, she is still more dignified and respectable since higher duties have devolved upon her. She is ever referred to, as an example for her sex; and, in the interesting relations of a wife and a mother, the example is most perfect. She considers home as her proper sphere of action; here she delights to shine; her ideas of happiness principally centre here, and whoever sees her in the midst of her family, will be impressed with higher notions of human felicity than they ever entertained before. The management, and the education of children, she considers ought always to be the most important concern of a parent, and the appearance, behavior,

and improvement of hers, are delightful proofs th
has never neglected this charge. Her own talent
qualified her to direct and superintend their educ
and instruct them in the rudiments of literatur
principles of virtue, and honor; and Cornelia no
shews these children as her richest jewels, but h
merit also of having given them their polish wit
own hands.

No. XVIII....SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 181

Chi va lontan da la sua patria, vede
Cose da quel che gia credea lontane;
Che narrandole poi, non se gli crede.

It is often entertaining, and sometimes us
hear the observations and remarks which are
upon our character as Americans; upon our ma
our religion, our virtues and our vices, by strange
foreign gentlemen, who occasionally reside amo
or travel through our country with opportunity to
such remarks, and who are qualified to compa
contrast our customs with those of other nation
have judgment to form an opinion of our characte
our principal concerns and habits of life. The C
gentleman, who lately made a visit here, lived r
and did not appear to take much interest in, eith
public, or private reputation; yet as he seemed
a man of some intelligence, I have thought it
impossible that he should have lived for so
months in a country and among a people so dista
so different from his own, without having som
and strange ideas respecting us. I could not b
that he should have no curiosity to pry, in som
sure, into our modes of thinking, our religion, o
tives of action; to be able to carry home traits
national character, and give to his countrymen

account of what by them must be considered a singular race of men.

Impressed with an idea of this sort, and very desirous to know what opinion the Chinese may have formed of us, I have taken some pains to ascertain whether he used to write at all, or had, during his stay among us, committed any of his ideas or observations to paper. After much search and diligent inquiry, I have had the good fortune to get possession of a bundle of papers left behind him, consisting of sketches or rough draughts of letters, written to his friends in Canton; and an imperfect sort of journal, or book of memoranda, on which he noted down what appeared to him singular or extraordinary; and in which are many shrewd remarks, and some satirical observations relating to our American manners. As I never had any desire of hoarding up literary treasure, I am always ready to communicate all my knowledge, whether original or acquired, to the public; and, like most people entrusted with a secret, whenever I think I know more than my neighbors, am ever uneasy, till I have an opportunity to make them as wise as myself. I shall therefore occasionally, and as I can procure a translation of them, enrich my weekly numbers with some of the observations and remarks of this gentleman Chinese.

What I have already been able to get rendered into English, will serve for the entertainment of this day, and afford my readers a specimen of the writing and opinions of this stranger.

"The principal aim of these people seems to be to get money; and although their religion teaches them to despise riches, and their great prophet has expressly told them, that it is impossible for rich men to go to heaven, yet money is certainly their favored idol, and they make more sacrifices to wealth, than to the unseen God, whom they profess to adore. Even among the ministers of their humble and self-denying religion, although I am assured that most of them are peaceable, and contented, and happy without riches, there are some that are greedy of worldly gain; and one of them,

since my residence here, instead of attending to his religious duties, has employed his time in writing an angry book, and endeavoring to sell it for a great price to increase his wealth; and, what appears more inconsistent in his character as a minister of Jesus, this very book, by which he hopes to raise up and swell the amount of his own riches, uncharitably pulls down the fame and reviles the character of his neighbor and fellow christians.

"Among the other classes, the desire for riches is more constant; they often however feel ashamed of this overruling propensity, and endeavor, by a forced display of charity, to conceal it, and to deceive the world by erecting institutions for the purposes of benevolence. But here they often fail, and have never, I am told, succeeded so well as their brother christians in England, the nation from whence they are descended.

"It has generally been the boast of people professing this religion, that they take care of the poor and sick, who are not able to take care of themselves; and in England, particularly, it is believed there are a great many places established and supported for such purposes. There are also some, on a small plan, here; but it is thought to be much to their discredit, that they have not been able to collect donations sufficient to build a house to receive, generally, the sick, poor, and those deprived of reason.* Endeavors are now using to establish such a place, called a "General Hospital;" but although some men, of better hearts, have offered to pay very liberally towards it, yet the most of them, even of the rich ones, love their money too well to part with it merely for the sake of humanity and their religious obligations. Nay, it is even said, that when an old person on his death-bed had ordered a considerable sum to be paid out of his estate for the benefit of this Hospital, that the heirs, or those who now have the management of the money, have refused it; and notwithstanding they are rich themselves, are greedy

*This was written before the benevolent subscriptions for the General Hospital, which now do so much credit to the town and state, were made.

to increase their gold, by sharing a part of what was meant to be given to the poor and needy."

No. XIX....SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1814.

When I belonged to the corps of observation, and performed duty regularly on Cornhill, it was the practice of our detachment, as with all men in actual service, to pay a vigilant regard to parties marching near our rendezvous, and make our salutes according to the rank and merit of whoever passed in review before us; so that whenever a lady appeared, it was easy for any one, acquainted with our signals, to know if she had ten or twenty thousand, or whether she was pretty, handsome, or irresistible, by our manner of bowing to her, although they might have known nothing of her before. It was also common for us to communicate, by this kind of dumb shew, a variety of other circumstances, relating to the character and condition of the fair passengers subject to our observation; as, whether she was *pledged*, as our term was, or still wore the "*Toga candida;*" whether maid or widow, a miss in her minority, or a lady whose person and fortune were at her own disposal. Even their business was generally known among us and so accurate were our observations on the ladies in this particular, that we could determine whether they were really spending money in the shops, or only spending time; if they were in search of new goods, or only hunting for a pair of old gloves or a parasol, which they had designedly left, for a pretence to shew themselves along these walks a second time.

These observations were general among us, but, as it regarded myself, being an odd sort of a fellow, I believe I indulged fancies and speculations, different, and deeper than the rest of my companions. The

mere externals, or the transient and temporary concerns of the inhabitants of this great town, were not alone sufficient to occupy all my thoughts and attention, but I presumed to glance into their minds, and reconnoitre the character, disposition, and secret propensities of every individual upon which this attention was fixed. Having been early acquainted with Lavater's system of Physiognomy, and made some considerable progress in the study of this science, I had often amused myself in forming an opinion of a character, from the shape of an eyebrow, or some peculiarity in the lobes of the ears; and had carried my researches so far, as at last to be able to give a very good account of a person's temper and disposition merely from observing their air and gait, or even their manner of dressing. *Des jupes long*, and a long trailing gown, I considered to denote what the French call *une Salope*, and upon a further acquaintance, I always found my opinion correct. A bonnet turned smartly up before, so as to form an obtuse angle with the forehead, betrayed a disposition for romping; and a shawl thrown carelessly over one shoulder, a cold heart and lack of sensibility. I could also tell a fop at a considerable distance, by the flirt of his cane, and have seldom been mistaken in rating a man's good sense and abilities, inversely as the number of his cravats.

It would carry me far beyong the limits of my paper to describe the half of my system, or give but a small portion of the various traits and circumstances about persons, by which I could form so accurate a judgment of them; and it might occasion great uneasiness in some, and perhaps raise a conscious blush, in a few, were it known, that the secrets of their hearts could be so well understood, by only minutely observing their manner of walking, or wearing their clothes. I shall only say, that I have seen many a gloomy heart covered by a gay breast-knot and blooming flowers, and detected some roguish desires under a very modest tucker.

Mankind have always a disposition to pry into futu-

rity, and the same sort of curiosity leads them almost equally to a desire of knowing the secrets and the "thoughts of the heart" of their fellow-men; it would however be very difficult to determine what effect such knowledge would have upon our behavior: but if my system should prevail, (and I see no reason why it should not, as well as many others) and finally be exalted into a practical science, it would undoubtedly produce a new era in human life, and place my name at once among the Seers.

There is, in one of the papers of the British Spectator, a curious description of the heart of a coquette, but as this knowledge was obtained from the tedious and uncommon process of dissection, we can have very few opportunities of knowing the properties of this little world of wonders, or to expose its failings by such operations. But I have the charity, I have the great pleasure, to believe, that neither such experiments, nor the fear of being subjected to the most critical researches of a human eye, are necessary, in order to discountenance vice and folly, or to promote virtuous feelings, in the hearts of my fair countrywomen; I am pursuaded that they love virtue for her own sake, and that, in their lives and conduct, the purity of their motives has no reference but to that all-seeing eye which no art can deceive, and which nothing but innocence and virtue can ever aspire to please.

No. XX....SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1814.

I WAS, not long ago, in a very large company, consisting of persons who frequently assemble together at each others' houses on terms of friendship; but I could not but take notice, that the conversation on one side of the room, and the remarks made there upon the people on the other side, might induce a

stranger to suppose, they were great enemies. Yet, as they shifted about, friends and enemies were mixed promiscuously, and two persons might be seen sitting by each other's side, in great harmony, who, at the opposite corners of the room, you would have judged, would never hold friendly converse together.

With such facts and circumstances before me, I could not but reflect, with some degree of sorrow, upon the loss of those real pleasures, which society sustains for the want of sincerity, and by the intrusion of the hateful vice of envy, and one of her near relations, scandal. These two evil beings are the bane of friendship, and spoil all the happiness which we might rationally hope to enjoy, from social intercourse. The folly, the wickedness, and the disgraceful nature of these vices, will sufficiently impress our minds, if we would realize to ourselves, what would be our feelings, were our hearts laid open to public view, whilst possessed and influenced by them.

What sinner so hardened, what wretch so impious and abandoned, as not to shrink back appalled at the idea of being thus exposed? Yet it is to be feared there are few bosoms entirely exempt from envy; few tongues that scandal has not polluted! These unhallowed spirits so haunted my mind, that I could not get rid of them, for the whole evening, and after I got home I was still plotting to have them banished from society. Whilst I was sitting alone in my chamber, with my mind employed upon this subject, I fell into a sort of reverie; I will not say it was a dream, lest my readers should also drop asleep: But I thought I made one of a very large assembly, all of whom were decently merry, and appeared to be in the full enjoyment of that happiness, and all those pleasures, derived from agreeable society and friendly intercourse. The company of two persons particularly, seemed to contribute largely to the felicity of the whole. They seemed to preside in this happy society, and their influence, conduct, and example, spread as it were a ray of cheerfulness over the countenance of every one

present. They however assumed nothing; on the contrary, there was a sort of humility about them that rather inclined to shun, than to court applauding notice. These two persons were GOOD NATURE and INNOCENCE, and I found, whilst they were encouraged and caressed, the company were all pleased with each other, and every individual equally derived pleasure from the society, and contributed something to increase it.

Whilst we were in this state of pleasant enjoyment, other company was announced; immediately the door flew open with a sudden swing, and a most stately figure, with lofty step, and proud, disdainful eye, entered the room, and the cheerful voices of the company were soon awed to silence by her imperious frown, or drowned in the noise of her rustling silks. This lady I found was PRIDE, and she was attended (which was still more unfortunate for the harmony of our party,) by her two daughters, *Envy* and *Scandal*. Without much ceremony, she thrust herself into the first seat in the room, and with her ill-looking progeny by her side, assumed the direction of the society, and very soon changed the pleasant aspect which was worn before, to the gloom of distrust, the leer of contempt, and the distorted smile of hypocrisy, under the mask of friendship. Our two pleasant companions, who had till now been the life of the party, were abashed, and drew off into a neglected corner; whilst the secret but powerful influence of the new comers, spread through the room, and began to obtain guilty dominion. *Envy* was a little, black-looking, lean, and shrivelled figure, and seemed to observe a kind of morose silence, but her malignant eye was busy, and she was constantly exciting her sister, *Scandal*, to mischief. *Scandal*, although ugly enough, wore some smiles, and affected mirth, but it was always envenomed by sarcasm;—she was very loquacious, and though often loud and noisy, she also said a great deal in whispers. She had a most disgusting mouth, black and rancorous; but what was most observable, she

seemed to have two tongues, and, as naturalists say some serpents have two kinds of teeth, one set through which they convey their poison, so *Scandal* had a tongue only to wound, and a touch from this tongue produced a most poisonous effect. I observed that wherever *Envy* fixed her eye, it was soon followed by a lash from the tongue of *Scandal*, and that persons were no sooner touched by it, than they grew black, ill-shaped, and distorted, and occasioned every body to stare at them. I was glad, however, to see these persons brighten up again upon the approach of Innocence, who usually slid along behind, brushed them with her hand, and dropped something into their bosoms which had a wonderful effect to remove all the spots and marks of *Scandal*, and make them often appear fairer and more engaging than ever. Good Nature also, helped to do away the power and avert the evil of these two malicious spirits, for those under her influence would not take notice of any blemishes unless they were very glaring; and moreover, after taking lessons from her, a person was not half so liable to suffer from the poisonous tongue of this hateful genius.

Although Innocence and Good Nature drew back, as we before observed, upon the entrance of these more bold and forward guests, yet as the former continued in the room, and their exertions so constantly, and effectually opposed the mischievous endeavors of the latter; and as Pride, Scandal, and Envy, can never long endure the presence of Good Nature and Innocence, they finally took their leave. I was so rejoiced at seeing them go out, that an involuntary clap of my hands roused me from my reverie, and I found myself alone to medidate upon the imaginary scene which had passed before me. I had no hesitation in concluding to give it to the public, and the only observation with which I shall accompany it, or the only improvement I shall make of the subject, is to express a hope that I may see this vision actually represented, in my observations on society; and that envy and

scandal, these two great enemies to friendly intercourse, may be banished from every circle, by Good Nature and Innocence.

No. XXI.....SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1814

Live as you would wish you had done,
When you come to die.

Old age is a season of life in which, it is generally supposed, there are few pleasures to anticipate, and but little happiness to be enjoyed. Yet who is willing to give up the expectation of years to come, and be suddenly arrested on the flowery road of youth or manhood, that he may escape the dreary and barren waste of feeble old age? If then we are travelling towards a country or climate, where there are some severities to encounter, and we do not choose to forego this unpromising journey, we should prepare to meet the evils we expect, and provide ourselves with weapons to overcome them, or suitable armour to shield us from their attack. A consciousness of such a preparation, would soon dispel the gloom which usually hovers round the picture we form to ourselves of old age, and we might then look forward to this period of life with complacency rather than dismay, and grey hairs would assume a lustre, in the eye of wisdom at least, as bright as the ringlets of fair and ruddy youth.

The varied year, under this our temperate zone, affords a beautiful similitude of the several ages of man, and the moralist as well as the poet, has often seized with eagerness and happy effect upon a figure, so favorable, either to impress truth, or please and entertain the imagination. In moral essays it is usually brought forward to illustrate and enforce the important obligation of all accountable beings, to make a

proper improvement of time. Youth is the spring, old age the winter of life; and the intermediate seasons are emblematical of ripening and decaying manhood. Thus if we sow good seed in the spring time of youth, we shall be rewarded in the summer and autumn of life, with rich and racy fruit, to gratify our taste as we pass along, and with the golden harvest which will remain with us, to gladden as well as to strengthen our hearts, during the more gloomy season, the winter of old age. With such a provident, with such a wise and prudent management of the early season, every part of the year will have its pleasures, and if winter has not the flowers and perfumes of spring, it will boast its hours of ease and the repose of the fireside; and though we may not be delighted with the singing of birds, yet, safe from storms within, the rude blast, that whistles round our walls, is music.

The wisest nations of antiquity, have ever been the most noted for the highest respect and veneration for old age. Among the Spartans, the people rose up with reverence when an old man came into their assemblies, and whenever Nestor spoke, the listening multitude was awed, and Greece in arms attended with silence.

The attention and respect which are paid to the aged, as well as to the softer sex, usually mark the degrees of civilization in any country, and very fairly denote the rudeness or refinement of its society and manners. But if we would deserve these tokens of reverence as we descend into the vale of years, we must be careful to avoid *ignorance* and *vice*, as our companions in our up-hill journey of life. If wisdom and integrity mark our footsteps amidst the flowery paths of youth; if temperance and industry are seen in our train; if truth is our guide, and honor our friend and companion in early life, then will grey hairs be honorable, and we shall find that indulgent nature amidst her varied stores, has yet many pleasures in reserve for those who are bending beneath the weight of accumulated years.

I can advert with great delight to a venerable friend, who has, in an eminent degree, all the qualifications to experience and enjoy the highest honor and happiness of virtuous old age. He has travelled the lengthened road of life, surrounded by those he loved; has shared their affection and esteem, and followed them one after another to the grave. His cotemporaries are no more: he stands alone, like a rock in the midst of the sea, and lifts his head above the waves of time, to bless the prospect of declining years, and make even wanton youth in love with hoary age. He is admired for his social virtues, and his usefulness in society is acknowledged to be invaluable; he is esteemed for his friendship and integrity, respected for his learning, beloved for his kindness and benevolence, revered for his piety, and almost adored for his spotless fame and holiness of life. When he ministers in the sacred duties of his office, we look up to him with that sort of veneration and love which are most appropriately mixed with things divine. Whenever we see him, we endeavor to seek in ourselves, some affinity to the good old man, and even feel a kind of pride in belonging to the same order of beings, of which he is at once the ornament and delight.*

Old age like this has surely no terrors; on the contrary we may look forward to it with desire, only endeavoring that our lives may be like the righteous man, that our last days may also be like his.

No. XXII....SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1814.

I CONSIDER it the duty of every man who lives in society, to contribute, in some way or other, to the well being of that community of which he makes a

* The character here meant to be described, died not long after this was written.

part. There is always something to be done in the great field of human life, and the laborers should be variously, as well as constantly, employed about it. If you are not sowing the seeds of instruction, you may be rooting out the weeds of error and prejudice, which spring round the tender plant and would check its growth or corrupt its fruit. At one time the vine must be fostered and supported by the hand of culture; and at another, its luxuriance must be repressed, by pruning away the too forward and wanton branches. It requires also to be guarded, both against destructive animals and birds of prey which assail it from without, and from reptiles and mischievous insects within, which often frustrate the labors of the husbandman, and destroy his best hopes.

In times of general danger, there are always some men to whom we immediately look for safety and defence; some whose bold and adventurous spirits seem to point them out as the natural guardians of society, and in whom the more weak and timid find a most cheering pledge of protection and security.

Whilst the alarms of war are now loud in our ears, it is a source of consolation to us, who have only what Falstaff humorously calls the "better part of valor" in our composition, to see so many formidable weapons daily glittering in our eyes and ready to be wielded in our defence. But as every man, however grateful he may feel for the services of others, still looks with some degree of complacency upon his own exertions, I am extremely desirous that my labors should not be overlooked or forgotten amidst the din of arms, and that, because nature has not given me strength or industry to dig, nor a disposition to fight, I should be thought wholly useless in these disastrous times, or to have stood idle and contributed nothing to the benefit of my country. I desire my fellow citizens to consider that we have other enemies to encounter, besides those who are repelled by downright steel and gun powder, and that the moral writer who enters the lists against the vices of the times, ought not to be thought useless

in the ranks of life, or as drawing forth his little feathery weapon and shedding his ink in a bad cause. He who declares war against vice and folly, has certainly as many enemies and as poweful ones, as a prudent, or even a brave man ought to contend with, and it may be some triumph to check their advances, although he does not drive them from the field.

Such are the foes which I profess to encounter; and notwithstanding I may be accused of practising "barbarous warfare," I am determined to give these my enemies no quarter. I think it the more necessary to make this declaration, as I have lately received intelligence from some of my auxiliaries and allies, that the enemy is increasing his strength, and manifests a disposition to shew himself openly and in a way of defiance. I have had complaints against several vicious practices, and am urged, in imitation of the Journal of a Drunkard, to publish a like narrative of a gamester, a liar, and a debauchee, and have had sent me a most frightful list of oaths, taken down in short hand as they were uttered by a profane swearer. With respect to the three first of these offenders, I shall only inform my friends, that I am not unmindful of their complaints and their wishes; and that I shall very soon hold up the guilty ones to public detestation, unless there is a speedy and serious reform in their vicious habits. But I am so shocked with the atrocious and inexcusable guilt of this swearer, that I think I ought not to let him pass another moment without reprobation. So vulgar, so low, so unmannerly, and detestable a vice, one would expect to find only amongst the lowest and rudest class of men, and that not even a rendezvous in Fish Street, or a brothel on the Hill, could have produced a vocabulary of such profane and shocking oaths, as I have seen taken down from the mouth of one who calls himself a gentleman. It is true, that no one, who is addicted to crimes, has a full sense of the extent of the iniquity of which he is guilty; but of all men the profane swearer would be the most astonished to know how often he offends.

Were this list of oaths to be presented to the person who uttered them, he would at first, with disdain perhaps, deny the charge; but if he could be convinced of the truth of it, I am persuaded he would shudder at his own folly and impiety. Were I even disposed to publish this awful testimony of the depravity of one of my fellow beings, the space it would require would be more than it would be proper for me to occupy in this paper; but I have a better reason for withholding it from the public eye, which is, to save my readers from a sensation of horror that it must produce in the bosom of every christian. I would however recommend the plan, which has in this instance been adopted, of noting down every oath that hurries from the lips of one of these swearers, and of holding up the disgusting picture to his own contemplation, as the best method that could be used for his reformation, and turning him from this great wickedness and folly.

No. XXIII....SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1814.

I HAVE a friend in the country, who lately made me a visit, and whilst he was in town, we were both invited to a party. There was a brilliant circle of ladies, and some of them as the manner now is, were not altogether so well covered, as my friend was accustomed to see among the sober belles of the country. I presume he had gotten some idea of the fashionable terms in dress, probably from the newspapers, or London Magazines, for after he had recovered from a little crimson confusion, which so many naked charms very naturally occasion in a reserved and bashful mind, he observed to me, that such a young lady, in another part of the room, was in a very elegant undress. I took no more notice of his remark at the time, than by a sort of silent assent, but when we were

at home, I corrected the mistake, by letting him know that every person in the party was considered to be in full dress. He did not readily accede to this opinion, but seemed unwilling to dispute the point, as it would look like ignorance of the fashionable world, which he did not choose, I suppose, to acknowledge. He observed however by way of justifying his mistake, that it could not be called a very full dress, which left nearly half the human body uncovered. I am so used to these appearances myself, that I can look at them with stoical indifference, and experience no other emotion at seeing bare arms and bare necks, or even naked backs and shoulders, than fear, lest the dear creatures would take cold, or that such delicate skin might be marred by a scratch or a blister. Such however is not the case with a man who is not hardened against the attacks of beauty, but for the first time sees so much of the "mysteries of love" unveiled before him. My friend was evidently embarrassed, and I confess I enjoyed a sort of roguish pleasure in watching him, and endeavoring to search out, whether his rustic sense of decency, or a more tumultuous feeling was the real occasion of his uneasiness; perhaps each of them acted a part in this drama of his sensibilities. I was very glad however that he got off without committing any great error in good breeding, for I am persuaded, that had he gone into the room without me, and before any other gentlemen were there, he would have remembered the fate of Acteon with trembling, and fled away in confusion, supposing he had intruded at an improper moment, and before the ladies were prepared to receive male visitors.

I have always been at a loss to account for this strange disposition to go naked, in such a cold climate as ours, and have wondered how a fashion should get up and prevail in the forty third degree of north latitude, which every one would suppose ought to be confined between the Tropics. This objection however has respect only to the effects which the fashion may

have upon females themselves; but there is another that regards the effect upon the other sex; which is, that it reveals too much, and leaves too little for curiosity to descry, or imagination to conjecture. We are always prone to magnify the value of hidden treasure; this may be a trite observation, but there is not a maxim in all the economy of human nature that is more constantly verified. Every beauty, which the veil of modesty conceals from the eye, will be represented, by the busy pencil of fancy, in more glowing colors to the mind.

I remember before I travelled abroad, that I had formed a notion that all the female beauty in the Catholic countries of Europe, was shut up in Cloisters, and that if ever I could obtain the privilege of seeing a Nun, I should be rapt in the contemplation of superior charms. But this delusion vanished as soon as the Nun appeared; and although I have seen and conversed with many, I never saw one that had any claim to beauty. A like opinion prevails with respect to the Turkish women; these are generally concealed from the eyes of men, and therefore our imaginations represent them as beautiful. When I was amongst the Turks, I had the same curiosity as in Spain; I thought every Turkish woman must be a beauty; but the Nun and the Turk equally disappointed my expectations. It is then concealment alone which has given these two classes of ladies such high reputation for beauty. This might be improved into a lesson for my fair countrywomen, not that they should conceal themselves, but that they should bring into the open field only smiles and dimples, and keep their host of other charms in reserve and in ambush.

No. XXIV....SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1814.

I HAVE no comments to make upon the following letter.

To "The Writer."

SIR....When persons are ungratefully, or wantonly injured or aggrieved, there are various ways of seeking redress. Sometimes wars are waged for revenge; sometimes the aid of civil law is implored to compel justice, and sometimes the sufferers lift only the humbler weapons of complaint, and expect satisfaction and favor by spreading these complaints before the world. Now as I am forbidden by my benign sovereign and master, to engage in war, and as many of the injuries which are done to me are not cognizable by the laws of men, I think it proper, through you, to lay my complaints before mankind, with the hope that when they shall have candidly, and seriously considered my case, they will feel their ingratitude; and have good sense enough to correct abuses, which are a reproach to themselves, and highly dishonor me. And permit me, sir, to say, that if you yourself knew me as you ought, you would become an advocate in my cause, and acknowledge the advantages which you enjoy in the world through my influence. I am respectable for my age, illustrious from my origin and descent, and entitled, not only to veneration for my pure and unblameable character, but to the highest love and affection, for my universal benevolence, and "good will to mankind." This may be thought speaking my own praise; but, wherever I am truly known, I can appeal with confidence for the full acknowledgment of these merits.

That I am respectable, and venerable for my age, will be readily allowed; when I inform you that I was cotemporary with the first man, and that I have consequently existed near six thousand years. 'Tis true I was rather in my non-age until the year of the

world four thousand and four. I then attained complete and perfect maturity, and was distinguished by a most glorious exaltation. My character was formed, my office and duties, and rights, and requirements, were then most fully pointed out, and so plainly exhibited to the world, that none, to whom my true name and credentials are sent, can plead excuse, or ignorance, if they do not render me the respect and consideration, which is my due, and their "reasonable service."

I was sent into the world for the happiness of the world, and if mankind did not forsake and despise me, I should certainly make them happy. My requirements of men are few, and simple, and easily performed, and are surely rewarded with abundance of peace "and joy unspeakable." Yet ungrateful man is discontented and disobedient; and regardless of my proffered friendship, "has sought out many inventions" by which he may evade my easy laws, and disappoint my benevolent designs. Instead of love and good will to each other, which would be so serviceable to feeble and imperfect beings, which would so alleviate the natural miseries of human life; instead of that friendship and endearing intercourse which it is my desire and object to promote, they despise or neglect my advice, and quarrel, and cheat, and revile, and slay one another, and thus reject the happiness I have endeavored to procure them in that harmony which is as the dew of Hermon, or as the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down on the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garment.

I have always had a host of enemies in the lusts and passions, and prejudices of the world, but the subject of my present complaint shall be confined to the folly, misconduct, and deceitfulness of those who pretend to be my friends. There are some people who boast of my acquaintance, and acknowledge my goodness and friendship, out of mere politeness, and to conform to the fashion of the times; but this is only a cold and external respect, and when alone, they feel no affec-

tion for my character, no gratitude for my benefits, no interest in my prosperity: still worse, for when they mix with rude and vulgar company, they often openly laugh at, and insult me. There are others who make farther pretensions to my favor; they come to my house at appointed seasons to pay their respects, provided, they have no urgent business, or fair excuses to detain them; but in this there is usually more formality than affection; and many of them come here as they would go to the levee of some great man, only to see the company, make their unmeaning bow and retire.

There is another class who often bring me into disrepute, by their over-zealous pretensions, and injudicious endeavors to do me service. These dress me up in a sort of fantastical habit, which pleases only their own prejudices and perverse tastes, but which renders me ridiculous to every body else, and then insist that it is wrong for me to go abroad in any other dress. A quarrel, which is very prejudicial to my true character and interest, usually ensues, and I am abused by one party, as an idol set up without any authority, and by the other, as too degraded an image to be worthy of any adoration or respect. Thus, however plain, unassuming, open, and ingenuous my character is, I am frequently represented as intricate, forbidding, mysterious, and hard to be understood. I believe there are many honest and well-meaning people who are deterred from courting my acquaintance and becoming my friends, from seeing such quarrels, and hearing the very different stories that are told about me by these false advocates. But if they would examine, without prejudice, or preoccupied opinions, my family records, which are always open for inspection, and the declarations of the wise men of old, who have attested to the truth of those records, they will be able to judge better of my nature and character themselves, and not be deceived by false representations. What I desire is, that I may be received by all men as the friend of all. There are few persons who will not al-

low that I ought to have some rule over the actions of men, and yet no one is ready to submit his actions to my control. Some think that my authority in the world is very proper, to restrain the wicked and licentious; but as for themselves, they can do very well without me. Others pretend that I am only a fit companion for the poor, the friendless, and the afflicted. To such indeed I am the happy messenger of peace and consolation; but in the end it will be found that such consolation is equally necessary to the rich and prosperous.

RELIGION.

No. XXV....SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1814.

THERE has been much jealousy among modern nations with regard to their poets. The Epic is usually considered as the highest stretch of human genius and ingenuity, therefore each nation has contended for the honor of having produced the most perfect model of this species of writing. Tasso, Milton, Camoens, Voltaire, and Klopstock, have had their several advocates, and the countries to which they belong, have successively claimed the palm of victory in this literary contest. Nay, some of them go so far as to arrogate the superiority over Greece and Rome, and boldly snatch the laurel from the brows of Homer and Virgil, to grace the temples of a bard of modern times. In an edition of the Italian poets, the editor says, "*Che il Tasso afferro l' epicò con minori diffetti de'-suoi emoli, antichi e novi, e voul dire, con maggior perfezione di tutti.*" He allows however that Virgil alone would have surpassed him, if he had taken sufficient time and pains in correcting the great poem of the Eneid. And the French author Palissot (who, in his book of "des Hommes celebres," has not forgotten to give his own name a place,) remarks of the Hen-

le, "*Les nations voisines s'enorguiellissaient de leur mes épiques, tandis que nous n'avions rien á leur oser en ce genre, M. de Voltaire a vengé l'honneur la France par son immortelle Henriade.*"

The English very justly boast of their Milton, but terms of more modesty; for I do not recollect that y have ever claimed a right to place him above ier Homer or Virgil, or vaunted that they had nged themselves on the world by producing Para- e Lost. Yet I am inclined to think that this great rk must, among modern pretenders, stand unri- led.

Passing by the Henriade, for it is presumed that ie but Frenchmen will ever contend for an equality ween that and Paradise Lost, I shall, in a few in- nces, compare this last with the Gerusalemme Li- ata of Tasso; and where the same subject is treated in each, they are surely susceptible of a fair compa- on.

Milton's devils are always sublime; so much so that has been complained of for the dignity he has con- ued to these once celestial inhabitants, after they l fallen. But Tasso has no respect for them, and es not fail to represent them as hideous and dis- sting.

Oh come strane, oh come orribil' forme!
Quant' e ne gli occhj lor terrore e morte!
Stampano alcuni il soul di ferine orme
E'n fronte umana an chiome d'angui attorte
E lor s'aggira dietro immense coda
Che quasi sferza si ripiego e snoda.

d again,

Orrida maesta' nel fero aspetto
Terrore accresce, e piu superbo il rendo
Rosseggian gli occhj; e di veneno infetto
Come infausta cometa il guardo splende
Gl' involte il mento, e su l'irsuto petto
Ispida e folto la gran barba scende
E in guisa di voragine profonda
S'apre la bocca d'atro sangue immonda.

Such images are far beneath Milton's Satan, who

> above the rest
> In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
> Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
> All her original brightness, nor appear'd
> Less than archangel ruined; and th' excess
> Of glory obscured; as when the sun new ris'n
> Looks through the horizontal misty air
> Shorn of his beams.

It is the mind in Milton's devils that is hideous; and in this repect they are sufficiently diabolical; but to represent them with tails and thick bristly beards, and as vomiting blood, may create disgust, though it does not make us tremble.

Lord Kaims, in his Elements of Criticism, has given some instances wherein Tasso degenerates into quaint antithesis and low conceits, when he attempts to delineate passion; and in comparing him with Milton, where love is the subject of both, it will be found that he is very faulty in this respect, whilst the English bard is always tender and conformable to nature. In the conversations between Adam and Eve, we have the purest sentiments of love, expressed with great simplicity, in the most soft and affectionate terms. Even in the anguish of his soul, when Eve had incurred the curse of death by eating the forbidden fruit, Adam's distress is natural, and the dignity of his character is preserved by the most appropriate language through the whole of this afflicting scene. An equally distressing scene may be found in the Gerusalemme Liberata, where Olindo and Sofronia are to be burnt at the stake. But mark what different ideas the situation inspires, according to Tasso; Olindo addresses his lovely partner in distress, in puns—

> Questo dunque e quel laccio ond' io sperai
> Teco accoppiarmi in compagnia di vita?
> Questo e quel foco ch'io credea che i cori
> Ne dovesse infiam mar d'eguali ardori?

Canto 2d, stanza 3d.

And afterwards, in the next stanza, pleases himself that they shall *lie* together on the funeral pile though not in the nuptial bed.

This subject might lead me into a long discussion, and would require me to transcribe largely from both authors; but as this number is already well seasoned with quotations, I shall not pursue it any further at present, but perhaps continue it in my next or some future paper.

No. XXVI....SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1814.

I HAVE often thought that the class of women who are usually denominated old maids, instead of the reproach which this term is generally meant to convey, have a considerable claim to merit, and are really deserving of approbation and applause.

In the early ages of the world, when the earth wanted inhabitants, it might be a grievous complaint not to be able to raise up children, to people and cultivate it. But why at this late period, when the human race have multiplied to such an inconvenient excess, as that exterminating wars are necessary to thin their crowded ranks, we should consider it disgraceful to die without descendants, is a sort of paradox which I am not casuist enough to explain.

In China, it is said, that the population is so immense, that the women throw their children into the canals, because they will not be encumbered with more than they can support. In such a state, it would surely be more honorable to live an old maid, than voluntarily to expose one's self to such a wretched and unhappy alternative.

If it were really a moral or religious duty, for every female to be married, as it is to be honest or to be christened, we could then account for the stigma which attaches to a single life, and for the consequent eager-

ness, in some, to avoid the penalty of violating such an obligation. Or if it was invariably true that every woman, who had sufficient charms to engage a lover, was always ready to accept of his hand, as soon as it was offered; if no one ever refused to enter the Temple of Hymen, when the gates were ready open to receive her, it might be supposed, that the few who linger round the walls, are undeserving the favors of love, and were of those foolish virgins who had not kept their lamps trimmed and burning. But we know that this is not the case. There are many fine women, who have trod the walks of life alone, and probably with more pleasure and satisfaction to themselves, than if with partners and connexions, with whom they must have shared their "bliss or woe."

As we ought not to suppose, that the whole business of a woman is to endeavor to get married, we have no right to consider those who escape, as failing in their enterprize, and therefore as incurring the disgrace of a defeat.

Many not only very amiable, but sensible and desirable women never enter the bonds of matrimony; and, among my acquaintance, there are several who are highly respected and esteemed as being old maids from principle. They have perhaps no unconquerable objections to the marriage state, but only have not preferred it, at the hazard of their peace of mind, or the sacrifice of their affections. They have not been willing to unite themselves to a man of bad character, or of no character at all; and had rather retain their own responsibility and happiness, by living in "single blessedness," than to marry a man incautiously, whose vices might disgrace them, or whose ill-humor might often pledge them in a cup of sorrow.

Having received a letter from a sensible and agreeable old maid, who treats this subject very much in the same light in which I have been accustomed to view it, I shall give it a place, entire, in this paper.

To "The Writer."

SIR....I am an unmarried lady of forty five, and consequently what the world calls an old maid; and although this appellation is generally considered as a term of reproach, yet, for myself, I can answer, that I never dreaded it as such: on the contrary, I have ever felt proud of the spirit and principle which has been the occasion of its being applied to me. I will not pretend that I was always predetermined in favor of a life of celibacy, or deny that there are men in the world with whom I might have been willing to have shared the joys and sorrows of life; but I must confess that there are so few of these in our days, that I have had little expectation of falling into their hands. There are many situations in life, where a female requires protection; where feebleness denies the power, or delicacy will not permit her, to act in her own defence. In these cases, there can be no friend so useful and disinterested as a husband; but, as it unfortunately happens that this connexion often brings difficulties, embarrassments, and dis[illegible]; to countervail the advantages of it, it is at least prudent in a woman to weigh them together, before she inconsiderately binds her destinies to another. Considerations like these, if they have not kept me aloof from the male part of the world, nor induced the ridiculous fear, that every man I met would endeavor to trepan me into the matrimonial snare, have determined me to act considerately in a matter, where disappointment or error might embitter my future life. As I never had an idea of shunning the men, I early determined that my behavior amongst them should neither indicate a desire of their notice, nor a disposition to repel such notice with coldness or disdain. I was desirous, equally to avoid the suspicion of wanting a husband, or the affectation of determining never to have one. It was a matter of little concern to me, whether I was destined to be a wife, or not; but if this should ever happen, I knew I must

"be woo'd, and not unsought be won." How far this was a maxim with the young ladies of my time, or those of the present day, I shall not undertake to say; but I have often thought the men had more encouragement given to them, than their merit generally deserved; and I have sometimes wished that it was not quite so easy a matter for a man to get married, who had but few qualifications to make the woman he chose a happy wife. I should therefore recommend to our young ladies, to set a better price upon themselves, and not to suffer their persons to be bid-off under value. They should consider themselves as sterling, while most of the young men now current have a great deal of alloy; and remember that when bad money is cried down, there will be more pure coin brought into circulation. If women would frown upon vice and dissipation, men would be reclaimed. But, whilst we consider intemperance as frolic, lewdness as gallantry, and profaneness and gaming as venial faults that time and our influence will cure, the age will grow worse instead of better, and the preacher of morals or religion will find his hopes of reformation vain. I have no wish to increase the number of our sisterhood, nor do I envy the advantages of any who have surrendered their independence, and put themselves under the protection and control of a husband; but I would acquaint all young ladies, who may have prejudices against a maiden life, that we have many pleasures, and are exempt from numerous cares—cares which are so often suffered by others, from their dearest friends and connexions. In fine, that we are happy, and that the best way for them to continue, or become so, will be to live single till they are sure of being united to a man of character and virtue.

CHRISTIANA.

No. XXVII....SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1814.

As I gave some intimation of continuing the comparison between Milton and Tasso, I shall pursue the subject in this day's paper.

It must be acknowledged that the Gerusalemme Liberata is a more popular work amongst the Italians, than Paradise Lost, or any other poem, is in England.

It has frequently been remarked, and whoever has travelled in Italy must have witnessed the truth of the observation, that detached stanzas, from the most eminent of their poets and particularly from Ariosto and Tasso, are very commonly sung by the peasants in the fields, and laborers and porters about the streets. In Venice, the gondoliers, who ply their numerous and fanciful little barks along the canals, are well versed in this species of amusement; the inhabitants of the city are nightly serenaded with the finest verses of their favorite Bards, as these boatmen gently float beneath their windows; and the music, which rises from the canals, becomes more melodious as it is drawn out through the lengthened avenues, or vibrates along the lofty and echoing walls.

Milton cannot boast of this kind of distinction; he has no claim to such preference among the lower ranks and orders of his countrymen. This, however, does not lesson his title to superiority. The single circumstance of rhyme will always obtain higher praise, and meet with more general approbation, than the most polished periods in prose, or the sublimest in blank verse; it is more adapted to the taste of ordinary or untutored minds; it pleases the ear, and, as all men are susceptible of impressions by the external senses, it pleases all. The characteristic quality in Paradise Lost, as Dr. Johnson observes, is sublimity. Its highest ornament is beyond the reach of the common class of men; it is therefore not surprising that it is less known, or less admired among these classes, than the

old ballads of Chevy Chase, and the Children in the Woods.

The Italian poets always write in rhyme, and the construction of the verse, and arrangement into stanzas, which has been adopted both by Ariosto and Tasso, very much resemble the sonnet, a species of composition the most agreeable and entertaining to their countrymen. Verses of this construction easily admit of being set to music, and thus the most beautiful and interesting portions of these Divine Authors (as the Italians style them) are retailed in songs; learned by rote, by thousands who cannot read; are treasured up in their memories, and sung to amuse their friends, or to beguile their own weariness, in hours of solitude or labor. From these considerations, we can readily allow that the Gerusalemme Liberata may have the greatest number of admirers, without surrendering the claim to superior merit, which we still contend belongs to Paradise Lost.

I shall say nothing with regard to the subjects of these two great rival poems. If there could have existed a doubt in any reflecting mind as to these, the most enlightened critics of the last age have very satisfactorily settled the dispute. Addison and Johnson have both borne high and prevailing testimony, that the mighty genius of Milton, had seized upon the most difficult, as well as the most exalted and interesting subject, which could have been suggested by his own gigantic mind.

In a former number, I offered some comparisons between Milton and Tasso, with an attempt to prove the superiority of the English bard, in subjects which each of them have occasionally handled. In scenes of tenderness and deep distress, Tasso most frequently errs, by deviating into bombast, or misplaced conceits and affected extravagance. Some instances were adduced in a former paper, and I shall here add some others.

Erminia, after joining herself to the shepherd (in the beautiful episode of Tancrede and Erminia,) whilst she tends her flocks in the woods, marks her lover's name

on a thousand trees, and traces there some intimations of her story; she then reflects with pleasure that possibly when she is dead, Tancrede may wander through these woods, and finding such evidences of her love and misfortunes, may drop a tear to her memory.

Onde se in vita il cor misero fue,
Sia lo spirito in morte almeno feliee
E'l cener freddo de le fiamme sue
Goda quel ch'or godere a me non liee.

Canto 7, 22.

The stanzas immediately preceding this are very beautiful, as is the whole episode taken together; but that her soul would be happy because her cold ashes enjoyed the luxury of a tear which she had been denied during her life is extravagant and ridiculous rant. And in the 4th canto, where the author is describing the effects of love, he breaks out as though too full for rational utterance—

Oh miracol d'amor, che le faville
Tragge del pianto, e il cor'ne l'acqua accende!

That is to say, love can, like a flint, strike fire out of sighs, which will inflame a heart, though drowned in water—This is "nodding" with a witness. Yet, in general, Tasso's love scenes are not unpleasing; it is only when he attempts to soar, that his wings fail him. Milton, on the contrary, never loses his strength by rising; he ascends, like the eagle, and maintains a vigorous wing even in regions, where our imaginations can scarcely reach him. The following idea of Tasso's seems to have been borrowed from Homer:

E quanto e da le stelle al basso inferno
Tanto e piu in su de la stellata sfera.

In Pope's translation* of Homer, we have:

As far beneath the infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to the ethereal world.

Tasso however is describing an opposite point. The seat of the Eternal Father, which is so far above the

*For I do not understand a word of Greek.

stars. Milton has occasion to mention the same exalted seat; but, instead of endeavoring to give us an idea of it by a sort of extravagant measurement, he transports you with simple majesty to where he sits

"High thron'd above all height."

This, in point of sublimity, falls short of nothing but Holy Writ, where "the Earth and the Heavens fled away, and there was found no place for them."

Notwithstanding these few failings, which I have pointed out in Tasso, I am not so bold or presumptuous, as to deny him great poetical merit. The work, which we have had under consideration, undoubtedly ranks as second of its kind among the efforts of modern genius. The characters are finely drawn, consistent, and strongly marked; it is beautiful for its descriptive poetry, and the variety of its events and uncommon incidents cannot fail to engage and interest the reader almost to a degree of enthusiasm.

I have observed lately, that there is a taste prevailing, among some young ladies, for the study of the Italian language; and I would encourage the acquisition of it, not only as a pretty accomplishment, but as leading to a source of great pleasure, and opening a rich mine of intellectual wealth. Tasso, Ariosto,* Metastaso, and Guarini, are so many banquets for the mind, where the most fastidious taste must be gratified, and where the heart and imagination may feast unsated.

No. XXVIII....SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1814.

THE practice of wearing whiskers, which a few years ago was confined to a small number of the boldest and most dashing of the leaders of fashion, has lately increased to a very alarming degree; so that it

*A few pages in Ariosto, should be omitted by the ladies.

is not uncommon now-a-days to see a face, in other respects, innocent and unmeaning, forced into a sort of terrific aspect, by a pair of frowning whiskers. These redoubtable auxiliaries of a vacant countenance are daily gaining ground upon the territory of the human face, and seem to threaten to overspread and occupy the whole; like some allies, who have been engaged to assist a feeble and defenceless nation, have reduced the friendly country to subjection, and taken complete possession of what they were called in to defend.

A moderate set of these virile ornaments extend from the *os frontis*, to the *maxilla*, and some of our beaux, who aspire to the extreme of the fashions, continue them round, till they meet below the jaw; these resemble some pictures of Don Quixotte, where the clasps of his helmet buckle under his chin.

The common Russians consider the wearing of their beards among their greatest privileges; and it was one of the hardest conquests of Peter the Great to overcome the beards of his own subjects. If this renowned prince and lawgiver were to return to this world, and make his first visit in Boston, supposing himself amongst his own Russians, he would be apt to think they had forgotten his regulations, and were returning to freedom and their long beards.

Among the military, where it is a soldierly attribute to look fierce, whiskers might be encouraged with appropriate effect; but why our Cornhill beaux should emulate this sort of ferocity of appearance, I am at a loss to determine. They cannot now expect to obtain any merit from looking bold at the ladies; for, since they have so often seen them in this mask of terror, the danger from becoming familiar is forgotten, and they may sneer with the undeceived animals in the fable,

> Your gracious voices oft declare
> What kind of Lions, sirs, you are.

The Roman youth carefully preserved the first growth of their beards, and, upon the ceremony of being in-

vested with the *Toga Virilis*, these early fruits of their faces were made a sacrifice, in an offering on the altar of the god of war. If our young men are preserving their's for a similar occasion, they will certainly be able to bring to the altar a very abundant, if not an acceptable offering.

When I am at a loss to account for any strange appearance, or am perplexed about the origin of any custom or fashion that prevails amongst us, I usually apply to my old friend Dr. Reverie, who, from his great penetration and deep learning, is commonly able to clear up all my doubts, and resolve all my difficulties. Upon the present occasion, however, his ingenuity seemed to fail him, and I did not receive all that satisfaction which my curiosity required. He delivered a very learned discourse upon beards in general, and endeavored, without much success, to trace out some analogy between antient customs, and the fashion under consideration. The only resemblance was in the account he gave of the Moors, who, before they were driven out of Spain, had a strange taste for trimming their trees into giants, and their beards into wild animals. He concluded a very long dissertation by saying, that whatever might be the origin of the fashion, he thought it ought to be encouraged; for he really believed that, however appearances might be against it, it promoted, rather than endangered the peace of society. A good thrifty crop of whiskers, said he, will absorb great quantities of the peccant humors, and, by thus exhausting a portion of the incentives to anger, there will not be that predisposition to passion and resentment, which sometimes leads to serious wrangling; and I have remarked, continued he, with great satisfaction, that duels have been less frequent, since the practice has prevailed of wearing long whiskers.

This idea of the Doctor's, I must confess, very much reconciled me to the custom; for as I am a peaceable man, I was glad to have a physical reason why there should be no real danger, where appearances indicated so much. And I shall hereafter consent that our beaux

may trim their faces into the likeness of any animals they please, provided they do not assume the nature of the creatures they choose to resemble.

No. XXIX....SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1814.

A CLOSE attention to the history of any country, and a study of the primitive manners of its first inhabitants, is a very useful as well as entertaining employ for the mind; and if a proper improvement is made of events, which are recorded in the annals of past time, much good might be attained by their instructive lessons, and much evil averted.

The errors, whether moral, or political, of our predecessors, may be viewed in history, in immediate connexion with their pernicious effects; and thus warn us with serious and forcible admonitions, to avoid the evils which perhaps they may have suffered from inadvertancy; whilst their virtues, and their wise institutions should be cherished, and improved, and imitated. Merely as amusement, the history of antient customs and manners afford a perpetual and inexhaustible source of rational pleasure; and a knowledge, highly entertaining and interesting in the study, might be made to contribute to social enjoyment, by becoming a fruitful subject for sprightly and pleasant conversation. This kind of knowledge is peculiarly adapted to conversation parties, as it may be introduced occasionally by way of contrast, comparison, or anecdote; and in this familiar garb, would be received without that awe and reserve, which usually accompanies the stiff robes, or venerable costume of learning.

The nation sof Europe, in search of historical anecdote, may travel back a long march of many centuries, and the ready pen of history will furnish them with the singular customs, as well as with the wild and

warlike achievements of their ancestors, for more than a hundred ages. In this extensive range, they are amused with fable, as well as satisfied with truth; and although the "seal of instruction" will be impressed but by one, the mind need not be so fastidious as to reject the entertainment of the other.

In our new world, compared with the antiquities of Europe, almost every thing, with which history can present us, is recent. A close acquaintance, however, with the events of our own country, will be found to be useful and entertaining knowledge.

The Massachusetts Historical Society have published twelve volumes of "Collections," which are certainly entitled to a place, and ought always to be found in the library of every one who is desirous of that kind of knowledge and entertainment, of which we have been treating. Whatever is contained in these volumes, relating to the history of the country, since its discovery or settlement by civilized nations, may be regarded as truth, but where they touch upon the traditions of the original inhabitants, we are agreeably amused with fable.

To exemplify these facts, I shall present my readers with two extracts from the "Collections," the one related as historical, the other as fabulous. They will each of them serve to shew, to those who have not yet possessed themselves of these useful and entertaining volumes, that, although their contents are principally of a more sedate and instructive cast, yet there will sometimes be found what is humorous and fanciful.

In the historical account of the Isle of Shoals, we find the following petition:

"The humble petition of Richard Cutt and ——— Cutting, sheweth: That John Reynolds, contrary to the act in court that no woman should live upon the Isle of Shoals, has brought his wife thither, with an intention there to live and abide; and hath also brought upon Hog Island, a great stock of goats and hogs, which doth not only spoil and destroy much fish, to the great damage of several others, and likewise many

of your petitioners; but also doth spoil the spring of water that is on that island, by making it unfit for any manner of use, which is the only relief and sustenance of the rest of the islands; your petitioners therefore pray that the said Reynolds may be ordered to remove his said goats and swine from the islands forthwith. Also that the act of court, before mentioned, may be put in execution, *to the removal of all women from inhabiting there*. And your petitioners shall ever pray, &c.

ORDER OF COURT ON THE FOREGOING.

"Whereas by the foregoing request, the general complaint of the chief of the fishermen and others, of the Isle of Shoals, that it is a great annoyance and prejudice for Mr. John Reynolds to keep his swine and goats at the Isle of Shoals; it is by mutual consent of this court ordered, that Mr. Reynolds shall, within twenty days, remove his swine and goats that he hath at Hog Island, from thence, or any of those islands that are inhabited by fishermen. And as *for the removal of his wife*, it is thought fit, if no further complaint come against her, *she may as yet enjoy the company of her husband*. Dated 20th of October, 1647."

Why a resolve or ordinance should have been made to prevent the residence of women at the Isle of Shoals, is left to conjecture. That there was, in fact, such a resolve, seems to be recognized by the court, in their order on Cutt and Cutting's petition against Reynolds. There are many instances to prove that the legislature of these times exercised some extraordinary powers to preserve the morals of the people. On the records of Maine, is a precept from the court to a constable of Saco, to forbid a certain man, who was reported to be a married man, and had left his wife in England, from paying his addresses to a widow, or even to go into her company; and upon his persisting after such notice, to carry him before a magistrate, to give bonds to comply with the order." His. Col. Vol. 7.

Fabulous traditions, and customs of the Indians of Martha's Vineyard:

"The first Indian that came to the Vineyard, was brought thither with his dog on a cake of ice. When he came to Gay Head, he found a very large man whose name was Moshup. He had a wife and five children, four sons and one daughter; and lived in the den. He used to catch whales, and then pluck up trees and make a fire to roast them; the coals, and the bones of the whales are now to be seen. After he was tired of staying here, he told his children to go and play ball on a beach that joined Norman's Land to Gay Head. He then made a mark with his toe, at each end of the beach, and so deep that the water flowed in and cut away the beach, so that his children were in fear of drowning. He told them to act as if they were going to kill whales, and they were all turned into killers (a fish so called.) His wife mourned the loss of her children so exceedingly, that he threw her away, and she fell on Seconet near the rocks, where she lived some time, exacting toll of all who passed by water. After awhile, she was changed into a stone. The entire shape remained for many years; but when the English came, they broke off the arms, head, &c., but most of the body remains to this day. Moshup went away no body knows where. He had no conversation with the Indians, but was kind to them, by sending whales and other fish ashore for them to eat; but after they grew thick round him, he left them." Hist. Col. vol. 1.

The imagination of Homer, probably from less materials than these, has given us his Rocks of Scylla, and the Cyclops' Den.

No. XXX....SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1814.

Leve fit quod bene fertur onus.

WHOEVER has lived in the world with a disposition and capacity for observation, must have had frequent occasion to remark, that after all the means provided for our happiness, and all the opportunity afforded us for the enjoyment of it, the ungrateful heart of man is never satisfied: his discontented mind is ever ready to complain, and repines with secret envy at the higher enjoyments of the more rich and prosperous, or laments with open wailings, some real or fancied misfortunes of his own. Every one thinks his particular merit is neglected, whilst that of his neighbor or rival is too highly praised and rewarded. The querulous mind is never nice as to the food which nourishes its discontent. Some complain that they are injured by slander; some are wronged by suspicion; some are offended by disrespect; some are hurt by ingratitude; some are persecuted by enemies; some are afflicted by the loss of friends; some are harrassed and fatigued with business, and some are weary and perplexed that they have nothing to do. The catalogue of human evils is written in capitals, and may be read like a daily paper in every public place, or in the retirement of private families; whilst the pleasures of life, and the various blessings we enjoy, are passed by, like the registers of our holy religion, almost unnoticed, or unacknowledged.

Life is undoubtedly beset with evils, and that we have much to suffer as well as something to enjoy, I am not disposed to deny. I have not floated so gently along the stream of time, as not to know that storms assail us here; that adverse winds impede our voyage, and often drive us from the haven of our desires; yet, at the first signal of distress, philosophy, if we look to her, is ever ready to buoy us up and bear us on the waves: nay more, religion who never fails to hear the

humble voice that is lifted to her, brings us the sure anchor of hope, or comes with kindly arm to save us even in shipwreck.

There is no misfortune, that befals us in this world, which may not be improved to some advantage. Under every affliction, in every calamity, and amidst the severest trials of life, the wise man will not only be resigned, but will see occasion to rejoice that he has been afflicted. But the fretful, the short sighted, and the worldly, in a word, the sinful, will always repine; and, forgetting what they enjoy, are continually breathing out ungrateful murmurs at what they suffer.

The injuries we receive from our fellow men, we are too prone to magnify, and always think are undeserved; but if we were not blind to our own faults and failings, we should often see that we are not unjustly accused, and that, instead of uttering the language of complaint, we ought to lay our hands upon our mouths and be silent.

Agravarus is always complaining of being persecuted; he is slandered without reason; and the malice of his enemies is laboring continually to take away his good name. Without inquiring seriously with himself, whether there is not some grounds for these evil reports which have gone out against him, Agravarus flies to his sectarian friends, and whilst he complains that his piety and evangelical principles are the cause of the scandal, he is consoled by their good opinion, and easily persuaded that the slander is unjust. But he should remember that there is often more truth in invective, than in flattery, and that where there is real cause for censure, complaining can never heal his wounded honor, nor the breath of friendship take away the stain.

Avarus is a complainer of a different cast; he is always unhappy that the gifts of fortune are so partially bestowed, and thinks she unjustly or capriciously, withholds from him her favors, although he is too prudent to put himself in a way to receive them. Avarus had a patrimony of fifty thousand dollars, and by his

prudence and economy has increased the sum to an hundred; yet he complains that he is obliged to "labor at the oar," whilst others are rowed along at their ease, and that so many of his acquaintance were born under fortunate planets, whilst his nativity has been cast with the malignant stars, and most unlucky aspects.

Thus we may often find, that those are the most apt to murmur, who have the least reason to complain; and if we kept a fair account of the pleasures of life, we should find that they by far outbalance its unavoidable troubles.

The happiest person, I remember ever to have seen, was a poor French lad born a cripple, who earned his daily subsistence on the Chattrons,* in the humble profession of a shoe black. He had no use of his legs, but was brought every morning in a wheelbarrow and placed at the corner of a street to spend the day, and find employment by the exercise of his craft. His whole fortune consisted in the simple implements of his trade, and you found him seated on the ground, in the midst of his riches, equally prepared to entertain your mind, or to clean your boots; and his pleasant humor would brush away the care that wrinkled your brow, whilst his busy hand was rubbing off the street dirt which collected on your shoes. He was always merry himself, and made every body else so, who came within the sphere of his cheerfulness and good humor. If you gave him sixpence, he laughed; and he appeared equally satisfied if you bestowed on him only a penny. His misfortunes were never increased by repining, nor his mind embittered by dwelling upon evils which he knew it was not in the power of human aid to remove. In short, he was contented and happy. Let those who have higher means of enjoyment, and yet pass their lives in murmuring and dissatisfaction, go and learn the secret of being happy from the poor shoe black.

*A noted street of business in Bordeaux.

No. XXXI....SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1814.

Le vrai moyen d'etre trompe, c'est de se croire plus fin que les autres.

I HAVE already informed my readers that I was a bachelor, but have not told them by what misfortunes I have so long remained one. The history of my life and amours will convince the world that I have not been indifferent to hymeneal honors; but that several untoward events, which frequently occur in the vicissitudes of human life, and perhaps some fastidious notions of my own, have hitherto thwarted my desires, and kept me shut out from the pale of matrimony.

As I had always a high opinion of the pleasures of a married life, I considered it of the utmost importance, in selecting a companion, to make a prudent choice. I remembered that

> "Of earthly things the best is a good wife—
> "A bad, the bitterest curse of human life;"

and as I knew there were some unhappy marriages in the world, I was disposed to impute them to a too precipitate connexion; a want of penetration, in the man, to discover the faults of his mistress, or want of resolution to overcome his partiality towards her, when these faults were no longer concealed. I was therefore determined to be wise; and the moment I began to value myself for my foresight and precaution, I found I should have full employment for these sage qualities. And, as every virtue in its extreme is said to approximate to some kindred vice, my precaution became unwarrantable suspicion, and my foresight was only employed to spy out faults or magnify slight imperfections.

The first young lady, upon whom my affections were placed, I believe now, was, in all respects, amiable and innocent; she was certainly handsome and very engaging, and, had not my chimerical notions of getting a faultless wife led me to conjecture faults where there were none, I believe I should have been very happy in

marrying her. She had a fine blooming complexion, and one day, as I accidentally called at her house, I surprized her running up to her toilet chamber with a cup of red paint in her hand; my suspicions immediately conceived it to be *rouge*, and concluded that the beautiful glow on her cheeks was not natural. I soon left her, as it would have been imprudent to marry a girl who painted. I found, however, when it was too late, that she only painted flowers; and that what had so offended and alarmed me, was only some vermilion, which was to be innocently applied in coloring a rose.

It was not long before I became attached to a second person, who was equally beautiful with the first, but who had a different taste for amusement. As one had a turn for painting, the other had a great passion for poetry; and what is singular, these innocent and elegant refinements were each the occasion of losing them a lover. My new acquaintance, as she thought me rather pleased with, than opposed to poetry, was often repeating some favorite couplets from the best authors; and one day, when I was upon the point of making serious proposals, and, as preparatory to it, had intimated the pleasures of love and the married state, she very inopportunely as I thought, repeated from Pope:

> Love free as air, at sight of human ties
> Spreads his broad wings, and in a moment flies.

Such a libertine sentiment as this, treasured up in the mind of a young lady, I thought argued dangerous desires and inclinations. I did not delay to make my valedictory bow here, and applauded my own discretion in breaking off a connexion with a woman of such loose principles. But, if I had not been hurried away by my fears, a little time and experience would have proved them groundless; for the lady has long since permitted her love to be bound by human ties, and has worn the chains of wedlock with honor to herself, and very much to the pride and credit of a happy husband.

I next paid my addresses to a young lady of accomplishments, who prided herself in being the first to ap-

pear in any new and fashionable dress; and she was generally so much in advance of the rest of her companions in this respect, as very often to be thought out of fashion because none of the rest had got into it. Going to wait upon her one evening to a party, I was very much surprized to observe an unusual increase of size about her waist, and which was more apparent as she sat down. I was extremely troubled and mortified the whole evening at this glaring deformity, and the more so to observe with what boldness and unconcern, she withstood the accusing glances, which her unhappy and shameful situation drew upon her. The next day I wrote to her, that I had no farther pretension to her favors; and as she had too much pride to seek or make any explanation, the connexion here closed forever. I was so anxious to avoid the scandal and raillery, which would fall to my share from the faults of one whom I had distinguished by my particular attention, that I immediately set off upon a journey to a distant part of the country, where I remained nearly two years. When I returned, I found that every female I met was in the same situation, which had so alarmed me in my intended spouse. If my readers remember my age, they will readily judge that this period of my history was about thirty years ago, when it was the fashion to wear hoops, and that what I had mistaken as certain disgrace, my mistress expected would add to her credit: and in fact she not a little increased her fashionable fame, by being the first to lead out in a hoop petticoat. I was now sensible of my error, and would have been glad to be reinstated in her favor; but she was engaged to a gentleman, who soon afterwards received her hand, and has ever since been very happy in his choice.

I next courted a young widow, and although she was handsome herself, yet I must confess that a very handsome fortune, left by her first husband, was among the number of her charms, and had no inconsiderable influence to induce the desire of possessing them all. I was in a high road of success, when one of my friends hinted to me, that if I only wanted a wife, I might be

happy, but I should be disappointed if I expected a fortune, for that Brama, the first husband of my widow, had left her his property only during her widowhood, and that, by his will, the whole of his estate, upon her second marriage, would pass to the heirs at law. I was not pleased at the idea of losing a fortune, and more out of temper with my fair widow, because I thought she had concealed this circumstance from me, in order to take me in. Here also I made some severe reflections upon those jealous and sordid husbands, who, if they do not require that their wives should expire on the same funeral pile, or be shut up in the tomb with them, yet manage their concerns, as if they would deprive them of all comfort and happiness after they were gone. The lady in question, however, had the good fortune or good management to break the will, and secure the estate to her own use forever; and very soon after I left her, my officious friend married her himself, and enjoyed the fortune with her.

I was now passed thirty, and, as I grew older, my caution increased; and yet I was aware from the mistakes I had already made, and the disappointments I had met with, that I must be less scrupulous in the choice of a wife, or I should be constrained to travel the dreary and vacant road of life without one. I therefore drew up a list of females, out of which I was resolved to take one "for better for worse." My plan was to visit them successively, and, as I discovered a fault, dash her name from the list, and hold to the last that remained. But when I once began to dash, I found there was no ending. My list consisted of fifteen respectable names, but, in less than as many weeks, they were all crossed off. Still, being resolute, I made out another list of twenty; but being so imprudent as to show it to one of my brother bachelors, who unfortunately had not so high an opinion of the sex nor of the marriage state as myself, he very unfeelingly drew a pen across the whole list at once, and dashed them all out together. I could not but compare him, in this act of barbarity, to Nero, who wished that all mankind had

but one head on their shoulders, that he might strike it off at a single blow. And I verily believe, if I had presented my brother bachelor with a universal catalogue of womankind, he would, with the same *sang froid*, have crossed out the whole sex.

My whims began now to be known, and my company was rather shunned than courted by the ladies. If I attempted to associate with the young ones, they called me an old bachelor; and if I visited those who were a little more advanced, they would ask me in derision, if they were on my list? In short, I, who had always considered that almost every woman would have thought herself honored by my hand, could now find no one willing to accept it. And I have been taught, when it is too late, that slighted joys will be revenged upon the head of the offender; and that he who hopes for the virtuous and lasting pleasures of love, must not put on an armor which will wholly resist his shafts, nor be *too* sharp sighted, when he would sacrifice to that deity, who is always represented blind.

No. XXXII....SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1814.

O may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven.
Children's Hymns.

THE institution of the christian sabbath is one of the very important, as well as one of the earliest evidences we have of the truth of our holy religion; and the observation of it, the best proof, in a family or nation, that they revere their religion, and hold in pious veneration its ordinances. Without entering into the inquiry with respect to the physical propriety of alternate rest and labor, and the appropriate convenience of setting apart one day in seven for quiet and repose,

I shall confine myself, in this dissertation, to the divine institution of the sabbath; and not only offer some reasons, why it ought to be seriously and religiously respected, but give some opinions which may, by some perhaps, be thought superstitious or whimsical, relative to the evils which usually follow a violation of it.

In a religious observance of the first day of the week, we recognize, and celebrate with devout gratitude, the resurrection of our blessed Saviour from the dead. And surely so interesting, so glorious and wonderful an event, should occupy our whole souls, and fill us with emotions too affecting and sublime to mix with earthly concerns. We read that, *early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came to the sepulchre, and brought sweet spices.* This affectionate offering of the first disciples to their beloved master was made even under the melancholy impression that he was slumbering in death; how much more ought we to repair, on each return of this auspicious morn, to adore his living and ascended majesty, and to worship in his temple, since we have the joyful assurance that, "where two or three are gathered together in his name, he will be there in the midst of them." What excuse can justify a neglect or violation of the sacred duties of this day? It is nevertheless most wickedly profaned; and neither respect to the laws of the land, a veneration for the example of our pious ancestors, nor a sense of duty and obligation to God, have sufficient restraints upon the pleasures of some men, or the worldly desires of others, to prevent a profane encroachment upon the solemnity of the sabbath day. The streets and roads resound with the rapid wheels of pleasure, or groan under the more sluggish but heavy loaded vehicles of servile labor, during divine service; whilst those, who wish to devote the day to religion, are disturbed in the exercises of the temple by the various tumult of these impious and unlawful interruptions. It cannot be denied, and it may not be disguised, that a decay of religion, and a neglect of its duties and ordinances, are usually followed by a decay of prosperity, and a visi-

tation of judgment upon the offending individual, family, or people. Let any one observe the progress of vice, and he will be convinced that the wicked do not prosper forever; nor the profane, the dissolute, the irreligious, the sabbath-breakers, escape without dishonor, without some infamy in this world, whatever may be their preparation to meet the awful judgment of another.

At the commencement of the great revolution in France, that unhappy country began the scene of atrocities which made strange murders and the massacre of multitudes frequent and familiar, by an unhallowed prostration of all their religious institutions. Can any one look back upon these events, and see the torrents of blood, which inundated this fairest portion of Europe, without beholding the judgments of heaven riding in this revolutionary whirlwind. It was the practice of these impious times, in all the great cities, to expose placards, posted at the corners of the streets, and in public places, with profane and ridiculous allusions to sacred history, and particularly scoffing at the divine institution of the sabbath. The sabbath was soon after totally abolished, and a new calendar formed, in which it was entirely omitted. But "this council and this work was of men," and has "come to nought," whilst the commands of God and the venerable practice of ages has been restored.

In our country, the Lord's day has usually been respected. Our fathers observed it with the most religious attention, and it is but of late years that the violation of it has become indecently notorious. It is less respected, it is more profaned at the present day, than at any former period; let those who have seen both prosperous and evil days, judge of this matter, and let those who "observe the signs of the times," apply them. For my own part, I have always observed, and I am fully pursuaded, that those families and individuals, who have practically and habitually disregarded the Lord's day, if they have not ended in misery, have eventually become unfortunate and disreputable.

INFIDUS was the son of a wealthy citizen, who was more careful to give him a genteel than a religious education. He was taught something of the principles of christianity at school, but saw little of its practice, and heard none of its precepts seriously inculcated at home. Where religion is not impressed upon the tender mind of youth by parental endearments, nor urged by parental authority; where it is not nurtured by the example of those to whom the child is supposed to look with the most affectionate love and respect, it is no wonder if its traces should be faint, and by an early intercourse with the world, it should be easily worn out, or impaired. At college INFIDUS associated with the most dissolute of his classmates, and too readily adopted the mistaken notion that to ridicule religion was humor, and to speak of the most holy things with levity, was wit. These early practices of impiety, if they did not blot out all belief from his mind, at least so much obscured it, that he never reasoned with himself whether he had any faith in religion or not. After finishing his studies at the University, INFIDUS went abroad. Thus cast out upon the world in the pursuit of pleasure, it is easy to suppose that, without religious habits at home, a young man at his age would acquire none in the course of his travels. He spent a few years in Europe, and returned with increased desires for pleasure and dissipation, and more contempt for what he called the superstitious notions of his countrymen. He often boasted that he never was inside of a church during his tour, except to see its ornaments, nor passed a Sunday in any other way, than in worldly pleasure and amusement.

At the usual age for matrimonial connexions, INFIDUS was married; but as the virtues of piety and religion had no charms for him even in a female mind, he was indifferent in his choice of a wife, whether she was exemplary or not. If she was ever disposed to "keep the sabbath day," his desire and example very soon subdued her inclinations to his own humor, and they were always seen riding abroad on Sunday, or perform-

ing some new piece of music from a London publicatic at home. They usually had company on that day t dine with them, and when they were so fortunate as have foreigners, or some of the more *liberal minded* their own country for their guests, they would form party in the evening at cards. In scenes like this, ar with such domestic examples before them, INFIDU brought up a family of five children. Is it not easy divine some unhappy winding up of this drama? O of the daughters married an impostor, who had assum the character of a gentleman, but who had been a foo man in a great family in Europe, had robbed his ma ter, and fled to this country with his booty. He w received into the house of INFIDUS for his genteel a dress, his knowledge of the world, and his contem for, and the wit with which he could ridicule all re gious vites and restraints; and thus he ingratiated hi self with the young lady whom he deceived, ruined a deserted. The sons were all profligate; although I FIDUS had been left with an ample patrimony, he w involved by their extravagance, and finally ruined being bound in some of their wild and unfortuna speculations.

In no time of life was the character of INFIDUS he in estimation; no one ever thought of him for the gu dian of youth or innocence; no one relied on his jud ment or integrity as an umpire in their affairs. In t midst of his riches and prosperity, he might be court and flattered, but he was not respected; and when l riches and prosperity were no more, he was despis and forsaken.

No. XXXIII....SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1814.

"Egyptian Thebes her hundred gates unfolds."

IF we look into antiquity, we shall find an am field for entertainment, and may derive not only pl

sure, but some profit to the mind from exploring the archives of former ages; made more enticing as they are obscured by time, or concealed by mystery. The present generation however, are so entirely occupied by the passing events of their own time, that it is very difficult to persuade any to direct their studies to days of yore. The science, or at least the theme of politics, is the taste of the present day; and all ranks, orders, and degrees of men are so occupied by this sole object, that no other can be obtruded upon them with any hope of success. Even women are infected with this prevailing disorder; and you may often find ladies who, from their conversation, appear to know as much about the affairs of state, as of their own household; who talk with the same fluency upon diplomatic forms, as of the form of a bonnet, and argue with equal warmth on the rights of war, or the right of dower. Every body is inquiring for news, and eager to catch the first report and be the earliest to spread it. The subject of a secret session, of despatches, or of a cabinet council, are explored, or conjectured, with as much interest and eager curiosity, as were the Eleusinian mysteries; and the opening of the mail is attended with the same impatience and solicitude, as were the responses of Apollo at Delphos, or the Sybiline oracles.

For myself, I have enjoyed a quiet and repose, unknown to those who embark on this tempestuous sea of politics, by keeping aloof from the vortex which has swallowed up the most of my cotemporaries. I have continued my peaceful walks, although alone, and indulged my propensity for writing, without flattering myself that I should have many readers, after so indiscreetly rejecting a subject almost exclusively popular.

To return to the subject of antiquity, upon which I had proposed to myself to treat in this day's paper.

It may be observed, that the few remaining writings of the ancients which have fortunately come down to us; some entire and magnificent works of art; with

the splendid ruins of vast temples and cities, are unfading and imposing monuments of the existence, in early times, of a wonderful race of men.

The Pyramids of Egypt are not the less astonishing objects of human art and human labor, for being so often described and so often referred to. Their stupendous magnitude has been measured; their triumph over the power of time has been proved; but the design in building them, as well as the person, or power by whom they were reared, eludes the inquiry of the most curious and sagacious mind; and the period of their erection is so far hidden in the obscurity of time, as to mock the researches of the learned traveller or the diligent inquiry and deep reading of the antiquarian.

Almost every thing in Egypt is calculated to excite wonder. The magnitude of her works of art have been equalled by no other country, and are surpassed by the majesty of nature alone. The ruins of Egyptian Thebes, whilst they display the mighty efforts of time in desolating the feebler works of this wonderful people, exhibit monuments of magnificence and durability, which time consecrates, but cannot destroy. The following description and remarks respecting this ancient city, are from Bossuet's eloquent discourse on Universal History.

"One palace above all is admired, whose remains seem to have subsisted only in order to efface the glory of all the greatest productions of human power and skill. Four alleys, extending farther than the eye can follow them, and terminating at each end with sphinxes of a composition as rare, as their size is remarkable, serve as avenues to the porticos whose height astonishes the beholder. What magnificence, and what extent! Indeed, of all those who have described the prodigious edifice, no one has had time to make the tour of it, nor are they even certain of having seen the half of it. A hall, which apparently stood in the midst of this superb palace, was supported by a hundred and twenty columns, of six fathoms in thickness, and lofty

in proportion, and intermingled with obelisks which so many ages have not been able to lay low. So well did Egypt know how to impress the character of immortality on all her works." And Sonnini, a French traveller, describes some porticos of a prodigious elevation, one of which was of the height of one hundred and seventy feet by two hundred feet breadth.

From Egypt we may pass to Rome, and view the wonders of another race of men, who existed ages after the former had become venerable from her antiquity; and which have now for ages been added to the catalogue of ancient ruins. Rome however has produced nothing so stupendous as the works of Egypt. The greatest as well as the most useful monuments of Roman power and grandeur, seems to be their immense highways. The *via appia*, or Appian road, extended from the city 350 miles to Brundusium (now Brindici, on the western shore of the Adriatic,) and was paved or flagged through the whole extent with square blue stones or marble. Much of this splendid work still remains entire. In architecture, their theatres were the most remarkable for size, and in some instances for elegance. The one built by Pompey, for the purpose of entertaining the people with shows, is said to have contained 80,000 persons. But the extravagance, and immense riches of the Roman people, next to their military fame, are distinguishing traits in the character of this illustrious people. Marcus Licinius Crassus entertained the people with a feast which was served up on ten thousand tables. The debts of Curio, an extravagant young nobleman, in the time of Julius Cæsar, amounted to £500,000 sterling, which were paid by Cæsar to engage Curio to his party. Esopus, a celebrated tragedian and friend of Cicero, acquired by his profession £200,000 sterling; and it was a son of this person who was said to have dissolved a pearl worth eight hundred pounds, and drank it off to the health of his mistress; and Pliny adds that he presented each of his guests with a cup of equally costly materials. Several of the richest of their sena-

tors received from their estates an annual inco
four thousand pounds of gold, equal to £160,00(
ling, without computing the stated provision of
and wine, which, had they been sold, might hav
duced one third as much more. A freedman
Augustus, we are told by Gibbon, left 3600 yc
oxen, 250,000 head of smaller cattle, and 4116 s

The people were frequently entertained with
of wild beasts and combats of gladiators, provid
the expense of some individual senator or consul
wished to procure the favor of the people, or r
it. Immense sums were squandered in these ki
sports. Cicero frequently mentions these shows
in a letter to Milo he speaks of one then prepari
Milo, which is supposed to have cost £250,00(
ling, and this was not the first that had been giv
this same Milo.

Whilst we are upon extravagance, we cannot
fair a subject as the ladies, pass without notice.
are told that the robes of the Roman fair were so
ly, that even one suit was considered as a ric
valuable legacy, even when left to a wealthy ci
And well it might be, if we may believe Plin
elder, who says he saw a lady, Lollia Paulina
dress, which, including her jewels, was worth
£300,000 sterling.* Lib. ix. 35.

Yet notwithstanding this parade of wealth an
dy show of riches, we enjoy some conveniences
were unknown to the antients; for, as some wit
thor observes, Cleopatra never owned a pair of
ings, and Julius Cæsar had not a shirt to his ba

*Sixteen hundred and sixty six thousand dollars.

No. XXXIV....SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1814.

THIS being the last day of the year, as well as the last day of the month and of the week, I am forcibly admonished to close my periodical labors as a writer, and to give this paper as the last I shall offer for the improvement, instruction, or amusement of my readers. I have somewhere seen it remarked "that, next to doing a thing well, we ought to endeavor to do it at a proper time." In conformity to this idea, my friend Dr. Reverie always advises that every great work, either of a literary or mechanical nature, should finish at some appropriate era; and thinks that periodical labors, in particular, cannot end with more eclat, than with the end of the year. The Doctor, in his systems, and in the management of his smaller concerns, pays great respect to these sort of coincidences in events; if he has a very sick patient, he usually gives him over, after visiting him on Saturday night; and I once heard him say, he should rather finish his course here on the thirty first day of December, than to have his life lengthened out six or eight months longer with nothing but a common and vulgar day to mark the end of it. Whilst he was upon this melancholy subject, it was an easy transition to the death of Julius Cæsar; and he very ingeniously made out, that as the astronomical year began with the Equinox, the ides of March, according to the Roman manner of computing time, must have fallen within four or five days at least of the close of such a year.

'Tis true, our years are rather arbitrarily made to begin on the first day of January, rather than when the sun is in any of the great points of the Zodiac; still, however, this great luminary has gone his round, and, tomorrow, will start from nearly the same place in the Ecliptic, from whence he took his departure the first day of this artificial and now expiring year.

Although I did not commence my journey with this illustrious traveller, I have kept pace with him since I

fell into his company, and have dispensed my weekly favors to the world with as much punctuality, as he has his daily ones. Perhaps I have been oftener clouded, and at no time shone with quite so much brilliancy. My witty readers, if I have any, may rather compare me to the moon, and that, when she is not in her most fortunate phases: in this, however, I shall not feel offended, for if they will allow me to revolve any where, in the system of literature, I shall feel myself honored in being considered as a secondary.

When I commenced a writer in the Spectator, I felt highly obliged to the good nature of the Editor in indulging me with his columns for the gratification of my prevailing humor; and took no little pleasure in seeing my lucubrations ushered into the world under such favorable auspices, and sent abroad in so good company. I hoped to continue my place in his paper till his types were worn out; but, like many other very honest people, I overrated my talents, and am now constrained to acknowledge that one may fail in the attempt to amuse the world by his weekly essays, who nevertheless made a very tolerable figure once a year in an Almanack.

There are other considerations also which rather discourage me from continuing these my essays. The political state of our country renders it very difficult to be neutral, and still more difficult, if you are so, to prepare any thing that may suit the taste of the community who are not. I have often heard the political department of the Spectator spoken of by persons of taste and judgment in the highest terms of praise; but, when I eagerly inquired how they liked "The Writer," they have answered they never read it. And whenever I have seen a person with this paper in his hands, I have waited with anxious hope and expectation to hear some grateful encomiums on my essays, but have always found, to my utter astonishment and mortification, that as soon as they come to "The Writer," they invariably fold up the paper, put it in their pockets or threw it by, as unworthy a further perusal.

I am determined however, to bear all this neglect with good humor, and console myself with the reflection that the best works are often left for posterity to acknowledge their merits, and that neither Milton nor Shakspeare were much noticed by their cotemporaries. I shall now retire from before the public, I hope with decency, conscious that I have corrupted no man's mind, if I have not reformed his manners or enlightened his understanding. And, having made my appeal to posterity, have no particular obligations to express to the present generation, but sincerely wish a happy new year to the Editor, to my readers, and to my country.

No. XXXV....SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1815.

Ce monde est plein de fous, et qui n'en veut pas voir,
Doit se renfermer seul, et casser son mirroir.

After having formally resigned my office as a "Writer," some apology may be thought necessary why I should so soon resume it. But if my courteous readers will remember my unconquerable propensity to the quill, they will easily imagine that I could not so suddenly abandon it altogether. They may also consider that I left them in a sort of pet at not having been more read and admired, and will therefore be the less surprised to find me return to them again upon the return of my good humor. But as it is always mortifying to attempt a reconciliation unsolicited, I shall endeavor to save my pride by introducing the following letters as mediators. They were written before the authors knew that I was about to lay down my office, and as they seem to have been intended for the public eye, I shall take the opportunity of coming out again myself to present them.

To "The Writer."

Sir....I have a complaint to make, which, being of such a grievous nature, I hope you will think it unnecessary for me to trouble you with any apology for laying it immediately, and without further introduction, before you. I presume, sir, that you are sufficiently acquainted with good breeding and genteel company to know, that it is extremely vulgar to be punctual with respect to time, to any engagements or invitations, or appointments whatever, and very inconsistent with one's dignity, not to show your consequence by making other people wait for you. To be first at church, at the theatre, or at a tea party, is perfectly ridiculous. Even upon so solemn an occasion as a funeral, this fashionable etiquette must be complied with; and no lady would think of risking her character, by going to the house of mourning short of an hour later than the time appointed; and if she gets there after the solemnities are begun, so much the better; for although it may disturb the company, yet she will be more noticed than if she had been cooped up ever so long in a melancholy group, where it would not be thought proper to display herself. But what I have principally to complain of is, that upon every occasion of public exhibition, the places are so early taken by that class of people who have no character to lose, that a lady who comes in decently belated, sometimes loses her seat; and though ever so well dressed, and well attended, has the mortification to be obliged to stand in the crowd, whilst those who are so unfashionable as to be punctual, hurry themselves into convenient places. I must confess, that I have been particularly careful, upon all such occasions, to crowd myself into the assembly among the very last, and conformably to the strictest rules of gentility, always waited till I knew the house was full, before I attempted to enter it; but then I ever calculated upon obtaining a seat, and also of displaying my importance, by having somebody

turned out of their's. But vexatious to relate, I have once been disappointed. At a late dedication, I had none of this attention paid to me; and although the genteel hour at which I arrived at the new house, entitled me to more respect, yet I was absolutely obliged to remain in the aisle during the whole performances, and with the mortification of seeing the pews and seats taken up by people to whom I should not condescend to return a bow in the street. To prevent therefore such unmannerly treatment in future, the public should be admonished that we always expect to be provided for, (I speak in behalf of all ladies who have a proper sense of their own dignity,) and that all those who presume to take their seats in less than an hour after the time appointed, must be held liable to give them up to us who show our respect for propriety by being unseasonable.

LETITIA HIGHLIFE.

I should be sorry to forfeit the good opinion which Miss Letitia seems to have of my good breeding, but I must confess, that I cannot see why fashion should voluntarily pay such a tax to caprice. Why is it not as easy for those who lead the style, to make it fashionable to be in good season at whatever they wish to enjoy?

To "The Writer."

SIR....I am what the malice of the world calls an idle man; but one, who, as having no regular profession or employ, I should choose to denominate a man of elegant leisure. In either of these characters, however, I am peculiarly qualified to fetch and carry news; accordingly, for several years, I have been wholly engaged in this important and agreeable service. I think I can say, boasting apart, that I have told more news upon 'Change since the first embargo, than all the rest of the idlers put together. I was the first who announced the great revolution in Spain; and

soon afterwards brought into State Street the accoun of the first importation of Merino Sheep; and as ther was at that time a great dearth of matter to excite o occupy the curiosity of "an anxious public," my coun try was as much obliged to me for this seasonable piec of intelligence, as it has since been benefitted by th produce and increase of these important and usefu animals. I next distinguished myself in the battle o Tippacanoe, and by a sort of coup de main, by whic I surprised the multitude with an account of this vic tory, acquired as much glory in State Street, as th heroes who fought our red brothers gained upon th field of battle. Nor am I solely devoted to politics but also obtain the earliest account of all civil an tragical events which have a tendency to delight th public. I am the first to know and communicate th price at which any real estate has been sold, who ha stopt payment, and what mischief has been done b mad dogs. I was the author of the first notificatio in the newspapers of the weight of extraordinar squashes, and *sub rosa* whispered the first report o the *coup d'amour* by which a certain general carrie off a lady, as gallantly as he had previously carried of a mace and other noble trophies, by a brilliant cou d'armes. But, sir, great talents, and especially thos which by their usefulness begin to acquire a littl fame, always excite envy; and I find I have severa rivals, who are not only striving to get before me i this race of glory, but who endeavor to depreciate m former services and raise themselves upon my ruins Now, sir, what I desire of you is, that my claims t patronage may be fairly brought before the public (and perhaps this letter will be the best appeal to thei favor,) that they may judge of my deserts; and if the think proper to encourage me by not listening to th officious reports of these my rivals, I think I shall soo become the oracle of the Exchange, and the idol of al these places in its vicinity, where the only worshi seems to be paid to the god of news.

MERCURIUS.

No. XXXVI.....SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1815.

Si ben con umil voce e falso ghigno
Sapea finger bontade, ed ogni sorte
Usar d' ipocrisia.

THERE is not perhaps, in the whole catalogue of human vices, one of a more hateful nature, nor one that more degrades the nobleness of man, than treachery; and more particularly so, as it includes several others which are of themselves either criminal or odious. Falsehood, deceit, hypocrisy, meanness, and cowardice, are some of the particular and individual qualities that go to make up the monster, represented by the complex idea treachery.

Treachery, by the laws of war, and in a military sense of the word, is a capital crime, and punished by death; but there are numerous instances of this vice in civil and social life, which pass unnoticed by our statutes, and which the sword of justice or lash of the law cannot reach. When we reflect that vice is progressive, we cannot be too much on our guard against the first act. We should not heedlessly sport on a declivity whose gentle slope may conduct us the more insensibly to a dangerous precipice. When we divulge each other's secrets, we are traitors; when we do any thing intentionally to injure the character of those to whom we profess to be friends, we abuse the confidence we have endeavored to gain, we are guilty of treachery. Let us make no specious apologies to ourselves, that these are venial faults; they are steps in the path of vice, and may lead to the highway of iniquity.

One of the most unworthy and aggravated species of treachery, is that which is sometimes practised upon the female sex. As I know of no particular instance of this nature, at present, in the public records of our own country, I shall take one from foreign history, of sufficient deformity, I hope, to excite abhorrence, and

sufficient interest to induce a determination, wherever it may be read, never to betray innocence.

In the revolution that deposed Peter III. and placed the Empress Catharine upon the throne of Russia, the family of Orloffs performed an active and conspicuous part. Count Alexis Orloff was a favorite of the empress, and was afterwards employed at the head of her armies and navy, in various foreign wars. In 1771 Count Orloff was in Italy. At that time, the young Princess Tarakanof, a daughter of Elizabeth, the last Empress of Russia, resided at Rome, in a very obscure situation, having fled from Petersburgh with her governante to avoid the power and ambitious designs of Catharine. Orloff was commissioned by the empress to endeavor to get the princess into his power, and convey her to Russia. Accordingly he went to Rome, found means to get introduced to her, practised upon her affections, won her heart, persuaded her to marry him, and flattered her with the notion of raising her even to the throne of Russia, to which she had a title. She thought that being the wife of Count Alexis Orloff would shelter her from all those treacheries which she might apprehend. She entertained not the least suspicion that a man could make religion and the most sacred titles subservient to the destruction of an innocent victim. But alas, no religion, no title was sacred to the barbarian into whose hands she had fallen. Feigning a desire that the marriage ceremony should be performed according to the ritual of the Greek church, he suborned villains to disguise themselves as priest and lawyers. Thus profanation was combined with imposture, against the unprotected and unsuspicious princess.

When Alexis Orloff had become the husband, or rather the ravisher, of this unhappy lady, he represented to her that it would be necessary to go to some city in Italy to wait there for the breaking out of the conspiracy that was to call her to the throne. Believing this advice to be dictated by love and prudence,

she answered that she would follow him wherever he chose to conduct her. He brought her to Pisa, where he hired a magnificent palace. There he continued to treat her with marks of tenderness and respect. A division of the Russian squadron had just entered the port of Leghorn. On relating this news to the princess, Orloff told her his presence was necessary at Leghorn, for the purpose of giving some orders, and offered to take her with him. To this she the more readily consented, as she had heard much talk of the port of Leghorn, and the magnificence of the Russian ships. Unhappy lady! the nearer she approached the catastrophe of the plot, the more she trusted to the tenderness and sincerity of her faithless betrayer. She departed from Pisa with her usual attendants, and on her arrival at Leghorn, suitable apartments were prepared for her, and she was received with marks of the profoundest respect. Several ladies were early in making their visits, and sedulously attended her on all occasions. She was presently surrounded by a numerous court, eager to be beforehand with all her desires, and seeming to make it their only study, incessantly to procure her some new entertainment. Whenever she went out, the people ran in her way. At the theatre, all eyes were turned on her. All circumstances concurred to lull her into a fatal security. All tended to dispel the idea of any danger at hand.

This young princess was so far from suspecting her unfortunate situation, that after having passed several days, in a round of amusements and dissipation, she asked of herself to be shewn the Russian fleet. The idea was applauded. The necessary orders were immediately given; and the next day, on rising from dinner, every thing was ready at the water side for receiving the princess.

On her coming down to the landing place, she was handed into a boat with magnificent awnings. The officers and several ladies seated themselves with her.

A second boat conveyed the admiral and Count Orloff, and a third filled with Russian and other officers, closed the procession.

The boats put off from the shore in sight of an immense multitude of people, and were received by the fleet with a band of music, salutes of artillery, and repeated huzzas. As the princess came along side the ship, a splendid chair was let down, in which being seated, she was hoisted in, and it was observed to her that these were particular honors due to her rank. But no sooner was she on board, than she was handcuffed. In vain she implored for pity of the cruel betrayer, whom she still called husband. In vain she threw herself at his feet, and watered them with her tears; no answer was vouchsafed to her lamentations. She was loaded with irons, carried down into the hold, and the next day the ship set sail for Russia.

On arriving at Petersburg, the young victim was shut up in a castle, and what became of her afterwards, was never known.

No. XXXVII....SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1815.

Virtus in actione consistit.

In the present corrupt and disordered state of the world, mankind are always deceiving one another; and so desirous are they to pass for something more and better than they are, that they frequently take greater pains to counterfeit good qualities, than it would cost to acquire them by habit, or cultivate and adopt them in reality, from principle. Although in this universal game of deception, men sometimes fail in their design upon their fellows, they usually succeed in deceiving themselves. Virtue is so amiable

and desirable in the eyes of every one, that all are anxious to have the appearance of it at least, and very often even flatter themselves that they possess the substance, whilst in truth they have nothing more than a delusive image. Thus the importance of the reputation of virtue sometimes leads us to exalt, at least in our own conceits, our vices and failings into virtues; and in our overweening fondness for our own propensities, avarice is styled frugality or economy, and prodigality assumes the noble port and name of generosity; and this sort of self deception, or stratagem to deceive the world, is the more easy and natural, as there is hardly any of the virtues which do not, in their extremes, approximate towards, or degenerate into some neighboring vices. In more innocent and artless times, when there was more simplicity and less cunning in the world, the virtues were associated in such a manner as to prevent each other from going beyond their proper bound, or degenerating from their native beauty, by diverging into excesses. Economy always accompanied generosity; courage was coupled with caution, to prevent her from being led astray by rashness, and cheerfulness was attended by sobriety, that she might not be seduced by wantonness. But in time, these agreeable partnerships were dissolved; for mankind began to have such a prevailing indifference to virtue of any kind, that their narrow minds could seldom support or entertain more than one at a time, and the colleague was dismissed to look out for another patron. In the following allegory I shall attempt to shew the folly and misfortune of such a separation.

In the golden age, SENSIBILITY and FORTITUDE were sent into the world together, and the gods, who designed their mutual powers for the happiness of mankind, enjoined them never to separate. Accordingly they began their progress by mutually assisting and supporting each other. If they dwelt in a palace, SENSIBILITY opened the heart of the prince to the sufferings of his subjects; but FORTITUDE insisted upon

his examining every complaint, lest he should be deceived by his feelings, and that his decrees might not be the effect of weakness instead of justice.

In the mansions of misery and distress, SENSIBILITY softened the soul, and melted the heart which in prosperity had been obdurate, and touched the trembling chords of humility and self-examination; but FORTITUDE was near to check the sigh of despair, to point to hope, to urge to action, to raise the sinking head, and lift it up to "brighter prospects and a fairer heaven." Even amidst the desolations of war, this heavenly pair were still united; and whilst FORTITUDE animated the patriot breast in defence of sacred rights, armed it against the perils, and buoyed it above the privations of a camp or a siege; SENSIBILITY moulded the heart to mercy, restrained the arm in fury of battle, and with angel voice called on the victor to spare the vanquished. In a great variety of scenes these two daughters of the skies were seen to embellish each other's charms, and to shine with more lustre from an union of their celestial rays. SENSIBILITY moved the softer passions of the soul, awakened virtuous emotions, stirred up the feelings in the cause of innocence and goodness, opened with throbbing hand the mysterious source of tears, and moulded the glittering drop that rolls from the eye of grief or gems the cheek of pity: whilst FORTITUDE with firmer arm lent her support, endued with stronger purpose the softened heart, and taught her weeping sister that to be useful she must act as well as feel. Thus also wherever FORTITUDE was necessary, the silken sandals of SENSIBILITY led the way; without her indeed FORTITUDE was but a name; for if SENSIBILITY did not first perceive and point at distress, FORTITUDE was not wanted to meet and overcome it.

Happy would it have been for the world, if mankind had encouraged and protected this union; but in time their regard for these amiable visitors degenerated into an undue partiality for one; and finally by a foolish

fondness a preference was openly avowed; and whilst one was caressed, the other was neglected; jealousies were excited between them; they were less frequently found together; and at last, when the folly of the world had decreed that their union was no longer necessary, they separated. They are now solitary and gloomy in the world. SENSIBILITY wanders like a forlorn and crazy maid; mourns she knows not why, and sighs at woes she only knows by name. Her sorrows are fictitious, but, as FORTITUDE has left her, they cause her as much anguish as though they were real. She trembles for her friends, when there is no danger near them; and she listens with an aching heart and streaming eyes to every tale of misery, with scarcely a wish to alleviate it. But she is chiefly found weeping over novels; and whether in the palace or the cottage, the parlour or the kitchen, she is seen with one of these sweet promoters of anguish in her hands, sighing at each affecting page, and wetting every leaf with her tears.

FORTITUDE, forsaken by SENSIBILITY, became sluggish and stupid; and having no lively feelings to excite her to action, she retired to a wilderness, where she changed her character to a selfish courage or vulgar hardihood. Nature however has given them so strong an affection for each other, that they are even desirous of coming together again, and when they now sometimes accidentally meet in scenes of trial and distress, they resume their former beauties, their usefulness is renewed, and philanthropy may yet rejoice to see the hand of SENSIBILITY smoothing the pillow of the sick, and FORTITUDE giving her strength to support the dying head on her lap.

No. XXXVIII....SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1815.

Homine imperito nunquam quidquid injustius
Qui, risi quod ipse facit, nihil rectum putat.

I SOMETIME ago proposed to entertain my readers with further observations and remarks from the writings and letters of the Chinese gentleman; but I have found it extremely difficult, with all my own learning, together with the assistance of other learned men, to get these writings translated; and have seldom been rewarded, after all my trouble, by finding any thing in them worthy of publication. They are almost entirely upon subjects of his private concerns, and the particular objects of his voyage, with now and then an ungracious observation upon our ladies, which I shall never consent to allow; and such a comparison between them and his Chinese damsels, as I am sure must be false, as every comparison of this nature must be, with the fair of whatever country it is made, which does not give a decided preference to our own. He observes, that we affect to laugh at the Chinese women for squeezing their feet into small shoes, whilst our ladies practise a like unnatural restraint about their waists; and as it regards their health, and "rosy bloom," he thinks it far less pernicious to pinch their feet, than their lungs. He also seems to have a distaste to slender waists. A word which he frequently uses, as a mark of female beauty, cannot be well rendered into our language, but if I rightly understand its meaning, it is what the French would express by *en bon point*.

In a fragment of a letter to his friend Hoang-tsi, he has ventured a few remarks upon our government, and some traits in our character as a people; but his ideas are so erroneous, and so evidently founded on wrong impressions, probably for the want of better information, and from an imperfect knowledge of our language, that I have heretofore thought them unworthy the at-

tention of my readers; but, as I have nothing better to furnish out a paper to day, I shall give them a translation of this fragment, not so much with a view to their entertainment, as to expose the ignorance and preposterous notions of this foreigner.

"Thou mayest easily conceive that this nation is in its infancy, when I tell thee that it has not yet existed two hundred years. When we compare this insignificant space of time, and the very inconsiderable numbers of this nation, with the majesty of the Chinese empire, and the duration of fifty thousand years from the foundation of it by the great *Fo-Hi*, one cannot feel much respect for their power, their institutions, or their antiquity. One would naturally expect, in this state of childhood, as it were, to find them diffident, humble, sensible of their own feebleness and ignorance, and desirous of looking up to more venerable nations for their instruction, example, and the benefit of their experience. Such, however, is not the disposition of the Americans. On the contrary, they seem to imagine, that they have, by a sort of rapid and unnatural growth, arrived to a full maturity in the art of government; to the very acme of *political* wisdom at least. They call themselves a republic, which means a government of their own making; and as every man feels a pride in his own invention, they have the vanity to think that all other governments, although the work and wisdom of ages, are imperfect, corrupt evils, not to be borne, and ought to be abolished, to give place to this new contrivance of theirs. Not only do the great officers and magistrates presume to teach law and right to the old nations of Europe, but every individual and private citizen claims authority to teach the magistrate; so that, one may say, there are as many rulers as people; and although four or five millions of inhabitants, which they reckon in the United States, is but a slender number to compose a nation, yet, as each one is a king or an emperor, they may be thought a respectable, or, at least a numerous body of crowned heads.

"Thou knowest that the excellency of the Chinese laws is sufficiently proved by the test of ages, and the experience of more than twenty dynasties, from the *Hya* to *Tsing*. In a well regulated state, new laws are not necessary, and it is always injurious to alter old ones; accordingly our code has received no alteration for many thousand years. The emperor is the source of all laws, and he finds it easier for himself, and happier for his people, that these should be few and permanent. But here, where six hundred lawgivers come together twice or three times a year for the purpose of making new laws, and for altering, amending, revising, and repealing others, which had just been made, altered, amended, &c. before, it is no wonder that a man should be sometimes perplexed to know if he is within the statutes, or whether, in conforming to a law of yesterday, he is not violating a system which, in their great wisdom, they have adopted to-day.

"They are so fickle and so fond of change, that they seem to have an utter aversion to every thing that is old; so that not only the fashion of their garments, but their principles of government, and the institutions of civil society, seem to have a greater value in their estimation, from being new and transitory.

"Nothing excites more derision amongst these people, than a person who does not conform to the prejudices of the day, with respect to dress; and as these change considerably from moon to moon, a man would be very ridiculous in the same sort of garments, which were worn with great pride and propriety by his father or uncle. I myself am thought a barbarian, because I don't wear breeches, and I should be more respected, perhaps, if I was to adorn myself with the fopperies of the day, and lay by my tunic and slippers, which have been worn without variation, in China, ever since the time of Confucius.

"They are very apt to quarrel about their rights, although they are not very scrupulous in wronging other people; for I understand they destroyed the first in-

habitants of this country, and took away all their inheritance, and their land upon which they lived; and yet are so jealous of their own privileges, that they are now at war with another nation, for what they call their rights on the great salt sea, where very few of them would ever go if they owned the whole of it.

"Although they have destroyed the most of the original inhabitants, a few of these innocent and injured people still remain; but they have fled back into the woods and mountains, where, however, the new comers hold authority over them and their lands, for no other reason, that I can learn, but because they are poor, have no floor to their houses, eat their victuals without salt, and kill each other with a hatchet, instead of the christian method, of musket and leaden bullets."

[These essays here finish with the publication of the Boston Spectator, which was now discontinued.]

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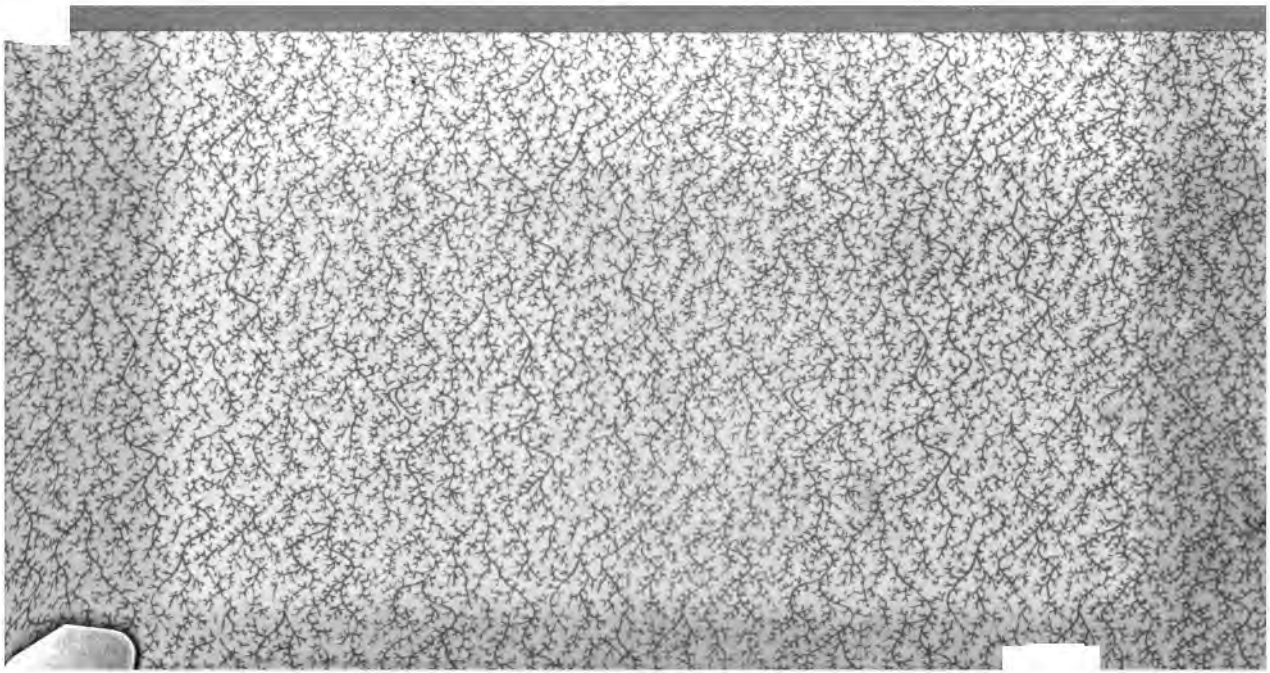
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